

THE LAST SAD RITES

NELSON JOHNSON LAID TO REST

The funeral was attended by many from home and abroad—details of his last sickness.

The body of Nelson Johnson arrived in the city on Saturday morning over the St. Paul line. The remains were accompanied by Arline Arpin, who had come through from Wilmington, and Geo. W. Mead, who had met them in Chicago. A large delegation of citizens and members of the Elks lodge were waiting at the depot and escorted the remains to the home of the family in this city.

The funeral occurred at 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. There was a ser-

mon: he preferred to know. The touchstone of fact meant more to him than the labyrinthine and mysteries of dream life. His intellectual alchemy was that of truth, knowledge and experience. He was progressive and public spirited, full of life, energy, hope and accomplishment.

He was an honest man. He realized that honesty had its foundation in ones own heart. He was honest with himself, therefore with others. He was open, candid, sincere. He used these traits of character as a magnet with which to draw others to him. The approach was easy. To his heart was an open door. It was a guest chamber reserved for all who sought the hospitality of his friendship.

In the quiet circles of his friends, when free from the whirl of the business world, his true character shone to greatest advantage. In such relationship he was genial, affable, light-hearted, courteous, thoughtful, considerate, gentle, kind and loving. He had for all a pleasant word, a kindly smile, a cordial greeting. To those who knew him he was sweet as summer. Association with him was an inspiration for higher and better life, for a truer and broader culture, for greater good to society and the world. He seemed to be in love with life. Around him were sunshine and flowers. He lived as one who loved his fellow men and was beloved by them, and as he lived he died. "Take him for all and all we shall not look upon his like again."

Though it seldom happens that the ambitions of young manhood are realized, we may well doubt whether our departed friend and brother, as he first looked upon the waters of this river shimmering in the distance, as he spent many long and weary days on its shores when it was the great highway of commerce, dared to hope for greater happiness and greater success than that which was in store for him. In due time there came to him that blessing compared with which other pleasures are trivial indeed, the peace and delight of a loving family and a happy home on the banks of that same river near where he had given the early efforts of his life, and where for more than twenty-three years, in the sweet companionship of those he loved, has glided "the smooth current of domestic joy."

During all these years he was foremost in every good work and enterprise and charity of this community. With such a life and with his testament it must have filled the fullest measure of his laudable ambition to be known, honored and respected, and worthy of the love and esteem of his fellow men in the city he loved so well. His was a truly great and noble character without the shadow of a spot or blemish.

As we reflect upon all that he achieved at a comparatively early age in the varied pursuits of his life, and consider the field of usefulness and honor which seemed to be open to him for many years to come, the great loss we have sustained in his death, in the vigor of manhood, in the full maturity of all his unrivalled ability, and occurring, as it does, at this critical period of our municipal history, seems doubly hard to bear. And a few hours ago as I stood beside the casket which contains all that is mortal of our departed brother and friend, musing on the unrolled problems of life and death filled my mind. When one thus endowed in the very noonday of his life, facing with heroic and hopeful eyes the future, surrounded with friends and loved ones, in the plenitude of life's blessings, with boundless opportunities before him, is summoned to the great beyond, we cannot help but wonder why.

It is difficult—well nigh impossible to think of him as dead. There was so much of robust manliness, such buoyancy of spirit—life to him was worth the living and he was so fascinated for its enjoyments and its successes that although we view his remains here and see his casket lowered to its final resting place, though we stand beside his casket draped in silks and laden with the sweet emblems of everlasting hope, the gift of cherished friends; though we see his devoted wife under a stress of grief too strong for tears, and those of his children so young in years that they are wholly unconscious of their loss, though we see all this, the whole scene seems to me more a dream than a mournful reality. And while I utter these words my thoughts go back and my heart goes with them to Brother Johnson as but a few days ago we beheld him in the pride and strength of his vigorous manhood. And as I trace in memory's glass his familiar features and think how, almost without a warning, alone and away from home and loved ones, and within a few miles of the spot where a little over a quarter of a century before he first set foot upon the soil of his adoption, death called him, to the unseen world, there comes to my mind the thought, with an impressiveness unknown before, "What shadows we are! What shadows we pursue?"

The curtain has dropped upon his life. His part here is played. He has left us behind, some of us for but a short time, leaving to us, however, and to his bereaved widow and children that greatest of all consolations, that most priceless heritage which earth can give, the memory of a character and reputation for loyalty, affection, usefulness, manhood, integrity and industry that can never fade from our minds. In due order we all shall follow. Let us hope that our record may be as pure. Let us cherish and revere his memory. Let us endeavor to emulate his virtues and be guided by his example, so that when the great summons comes, as come it must, we may be prepared to go hence, as he has gone, tried and found true in every relation of life, with no duty unperformed.

He has gone leaving few like him behind; few so dear and so honored in the hearts of those who knew him.

May we long feel his influence in his accustomed place, and seek wisdom of him as if he were here. Thus, though it is written he is dead, he will be ever with us reminding us of that imperative command of our laws, "The faults of our brothers we write upon the sands, their virtues upon the tablets of love and memory;" and assist us in maintaining those cardinal principles of our order, Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity among men which he himself maintained in life so long, so faithfully and so well. Such men as he are additions to the world. The world is better and brighter because he lived in it.

In the great and mystical beyond, to which his soul has flown, may he meet the reward of his righteousness and the just. May the decree of Deity, sitting in merciful judgment on the earthly career of men, in his case be recorded thus: "Well done good and faithful servant."

As at midday the fervid rays of the sun in its course glitter with greater brilliancy, all nature smiles more invitingly, the unclouded sky possesses a loftier grandeur, the fragrance of the flowers is sweeter, so notwithstanding his sudden taking off in the zenith of his strength, yet we feel that our civic and fraternal pride has been accelerated, and life itself presents a more charming prospect, in the consciousness that such a personality as that of Brother Johnson found for a time a dwelling place among the inhabitants of earth.

He has left to posterity an example to imitate not to avoid. Let us hope that his life will be long remembered and that his example will incite others to higher aims and purposes.

"Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days;  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise."

Our belief in a future life must always be consoling. Surely this can not be the end of human aspirations and growth. Beyond this uncertain and unsatisfactory existence there must be a world free from the disappointments, the sorrows, and the pains of earthly life. At any rate I prefer to believe that, and to feel that our friend who has gone to that "home from whence no traveler returns," is today happy in the wider vision and a larger interpretation of God's plans and purposes than is possible to us who are left behind. For him "life's fitful fever is ended."

"Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love."

I cannot close without expressing the deep sense of personal bereavement and loss I feel in the death of Brother Johnson. He was my friend, faithful, loyal, true. He is the gentlest memory of all my friendships. The recollections of our associations and his many kind acts will be sweet to dwell upon as the passing years go by and the evening of life draws near. Sadly I speak the word, "Farewell!" I loved him living, I love him dead. Then

"Farewell to thee or to that part which dies,  
But to the name and bright, imperishable fame  
We cannot say farewell. Within our hearts  
They live.

A memory of thy glorious deeds and name  
Which alone with death can die."

This was followed by a hymn by the quartette, after which the procession formed for the cemetery. The pall bearers were D. J. Arpin, B. R. Goggins, John A. Gaynor, T. E. Mullen, J. W. Natwick and D. D. Conway, and the honorary pall bearers were George L. Williams, J. W. Cochran, A. L. Arpin, George M. Hill, I. P. Witter and F. MacKinnon. Arriving at Calvary cemetery the remains were laid to rest and the last rites of the lodge and friends were performed and thus passed from earthly knowledge one of the best known and well liked men in the city or vicinity.

The cortege that followed the remains to the grave was probably the longest that has ever been seen in this city, there being 173 teams in line besides the many that were present at the home and grave side during the last services. Many were present from out of town at the obsequies of the friend whom they would never more know in life.

The details of Mr. Johnson's sickness are limited from the fact that he was ill but a short time. He arrived at Wilmington, Delaware, on Tuesday afternoon and had retired to his bed when he was taken quite violently ill. He summoned the porter of the hotel and asked that a physician be summoned. This was done and the doctor found him suffering great pain, and although he remained at his bedside and administered what remedies he could, Mr. Johnson passed away about one o'clock, after an illness of a trifle over two hours. The cause of death was pronounced to be uremia.

Concerning the death of Mr. Johnson, the following letter was received by W. J. Conway of this city from Dr. Willard Springer, the physician who was called to attend Mr. Johnson during his last illness:

WILMINGTON, DEL., Dec. 18, 1902.—Mr. W. J. Conway, Grand Rapids, Wis.—Dear Sir: At the suggestion of Mr. Arpin, who has just left my office, I write to tell you about the death of Mr. Johnson. I was called to see him at 12:30 o'clock. Dec. 17th. I found him suffering with pain and distress in his chest and stomach. He had eaten a very hearty supper in Baltimore and after coming to Wilmington before going to bed he said he drank a gin cocktail. Soon after taking the drink he said he felt badly. I looked upon the case as one of acute indigestion, and as he was suffering much, I immediately gave him a hypodermic injection of morphine. I also wrote a prescription and sent the hotel porter after the medicine. I remained with him and in a few minutes he said he felt somewhat easier. I then spoke

about going home, but he said, "Don't go until the men come with the medicine." I then sat down again and we were talking about his condition and what further should be done for him when I had gone home, when all of a sudden I saw his eyes begin to turn up in his head and he was seized with a convulsion. I immediately rang the bell in his room and the clerk came at once and he went for the hotel proprietor, who had left Mr. Johnson's room but a few minutes before. He immediately came again. He was in the room just in time to see him breathe his last. This is a history of the case in brief, and it is my opinion that he died from a uremic convulsion, and I have given, after a consultation with the coroner, a certificate of death from that cause. Any further information I may be able to give to you or his family will be cheerfully given if you write me.

WILLARD SPRINGER.

The following letter was received by Mrs. Johnson from the night clerk at the Clayton House in Wilmington, where Mr. Johnson was stopping when his death occurred:

WILMINGTON, DEL., Dec. 20, 1902.—Mrs. N. Johnson.—My Dear Madam: I, the sender of this letter, am clerk at the Clayton House where Mr. Johnson stopped. He registered at 10:15 o'clock on the night of December 16 and seemed to be in the best of health. We exchanged a few words over the desk, in which I learned he had come a long way, and that it was his first visit to Delaware. He retired about 11:30 and, as I passed him the key to his room, he seemed to be in the best of health. We exchanged a few words again in which I asked him if he was not tired from his long journey, and his reply was, "Not very tired." It was about 12:45 o'clock when he sent the bell boy to tell me that he was sick and to send for the best doctor in the city, which I did. I then went to his room to see what was the matter with him. I found him suffering great pain, and he had a cold sweat. Upon asking him if I could do anything for him, he stated that if I would rub his chest perhaps that would ease the pain. I did so, but he seemed to grow worse and was growing much weaker. I worked with him till the doctor came, but with all the doctor could do he passed away on the morning of the 17th at 1:15 o'clock. I asked in regard to his kin and so forth, stating that his case might be serious, and if it were where to send word to, but all the reply was that his name and address was on the hotel register, and he passed away before he finished the statement. This is in full the details of Mr. Johnson from his arrival at the hotel until he died. I hope it will be of some comfort to you in these sad hours. The doctor did all in his power to revive him and I know well I did all within my power in behalf of the manager of the hotel and to myself. Allow me to extend sympathy in these sad hours which come to all of us at some time or other and sincerely hope that you may have the blessing from a power higher than mine. I remain yours respectfully,  
C. BARKER McCULLOCH.

WILL CONTINUE WORK.

Improvements to Continue on Water Power.

The Tribune is informed by Geo. W. Mead that the work of improving the water power at this point will continue as first proposed by the Grand Rapids Power and Paper Company. It was thought by many that the death of Mr. Johnson would delay or stop the work, but this is not the case. Mr. Johnson was one of the most enthusiastic members of the company and it had long been his ambition to see the power improved, and the remaining members will carry out the work as proposed. The matter of drawing plans is still in progress.

Death of Minnie Jocks.

Merrill Advocate: Miss Minnie Jocks, who came to this city from her home in Kellner, Wis., a week ago Sunday, to visit her sisters the Misses Ida and Bertha Jocks, died very suddenly last Friday evening at her sister's home on North Prospect street. On arrival here the young lady seemed to be in the best of health and at no time did she complain of not feeling well. She was taken with a cold last Wednesday and on Thursday a physician was called in, and upon examination found that the young lady was suffering from pneumonia and heart trouble. She continued to grow worse in spite of all that medical skill and loving hands could do for her, and at 7:30 Friday evening she passed away. Her sad death was caused by heart trouble more than anything else. She was a bright and handsome young lady and was in her nineteenth year. By the request of her relatives her remains were laid to rest in the cemetery, in this city, the funeral taking place yesterday afternoon from Trinity Lutheran church, Rev. Seibrand officiating. The sympathy of the community is extended to the sorrowing relatives in their affliction.

North-Western Rates.

Very low rates to National Live Stock Convention, Kansas City, Mo., via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold January 12 and 13, with extreme return limit by extension until January 31, inclusive. Excursion rates to State Dairymen's Convention at Champaign, Ill., via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold at reduced rates January 6 and 7, limited to return until January 9, 1903, inclusive.

Desk Lamps.

—A Xmas present that will do for all, also fancy shades.  
C. M. DOUGHERTY.

WOOD IS CAPTURED

RUNAWAY BILL POSTER IN JAIL

Had Been in Minnesota and Came Back to Visit His Relatives When The Sheriff Got Him.

On Monday Sheriff McLaughlin captured Charles Wood, the bill poster who left the city so unceremoniously last August neglecting to pay several bills that he had contracted, among which was a account at the Commercial house.

Wood was captured at the home of his father-in-law in Waukegan county where he was staying, and where his wife has also been living. He was brought to this city the same day and taken before Police Justice Crotteau, and after hearing the case was adjourned until the 20th of January, when he will come up for trial.

While enroute from his home to this city Wood gave Sheriff McLaughlin quite a history of his doings since he so suddenly disappeared from here last August. He stated that he left in the night afoot and went southeast. That he spent two nights on the Buena Vista marsh, being practically lost, sleeping wherever night happened to overtake him. At last he got his bearings and found where he was going and reached the home of his wife's father. He stayed there for a short time, then went to Portage by train and then from Portage to Winkessee by foot, claiming that he walked every foot of the way.

After being at various places in Minnesota he turned up at Winona, where he was picked up by some members of the Y. M. C. A. and shipped back home, where he had only been a day or two when he was arrested.

Wood also stated that he was working at Plover before coming here, and was doing well, when he was seized with the idea that he was traveling for some show company. He came here thinking that he had a large amount of paper to post for the concern and states that when he went to get lumber to put up bill boards, etc., he had no money, but that everybody was willing to trust him and he had no trouble in securing all the material he wanted. Everything came so easy that he ran up good sized bills at different places until at last he began to realize what he was doing and so sneaked out of town, leaving the parties that had been assisting him in the legitimate work that had been secured to settle the bills or make any excuse they could for not doing so.

Mr. McLaughlin states that the man certainly does act at times as if he were suffering from mental derangement, but at the same time states that he was a pretty foxy crazy man. Wood has allowed his beard to grow during his absence and might have visited the city and been about town without being recognized by any of his old associates had he cared to do so.

Wood has a wife and one child, who live at his father-in-law's place which is situated between Plover and Plainfield.

Visiting Old Friends.

John Conway and daughter Nellie of Orient, S. D., has been in the city since last Saturday, having come here primarily to attend the funeral of his old friend, Nelson Johnson. Mr. Conway is a son of the late Patrick Conway and was raised on the old homestead in Rudolph. For the past twenty-one years, however, he has been a resident of South Dakota, and has at Orient one of the largest stores in that part of the country. He is also actively engaged in the real estate business, and being a hustler, has amassed more or less of this world's goods. In speaking of a recent real estate deal that Mr. Conway made the Daily Argus-Leader of Sioux Falls, says:

"J. J. Conway of Orient, one of the leading real estate men in the northern part of the state is attending the implement dealers' convention. Mr. Conway is about the happiest man in the state as he has just closed a deal for the sale of \$43,000 worth of land. The best part of the deal is the fact that Mr. Conway owned the land himself, a great portion of which has been in his possession for the past twenty years."

Mr. Conway attributes all of his success to the opportunities that are open in the western country but we think it is because he was born and raised in Wisconsin and believe that he would probably have done even a little better had he remained in Wood county.

Mr. Conway and his daughter will probably remain here until after the holidays, visiting their relatives and friends.

W. R. C. Officers.

The following officers were elected at the last meeting of the Woman's Relief Corps:  
President—Josephine Beadle.  
Sen. Vice President—Matilda Carey.  
Jun. Vice President—Lizzie Baker.  
Secretary—Josephine Boucher.  
Treasurer—Estilla Shea.  
Chaplain—Elba Porter.  
Conductor—Sarah Getts.  
Guard—Helen Young.

A Chance For Young Men.

The attention of eligible young men of Grand Rapids and vicinity is called to the following which appeared in the Chicago Inter Ocean last Sunday:  
Lady, young, accomplished, highly educated, romantic, wealthy, wishes to correspond with a few honorable, matrimonially inclined gentlemen. Social League, Auburnvale Wis.

She Was Just Fooling.

Last week it was reported that Mrs. W. H. Stevens, nee Ida Cele Arquette, had disappeared and it was thought she had drowned herself. It seems, however, that she is still very much alive, and is now living at Omaha, where she was employed as a domestic when discovered by the police. Mrs. Stevens left letters which said that she intended to make way with herself but she apparently changed her mind and went to Omaha under an assumed name.

Mrs. Stevens was under indictment for sending obscene matters through the mail. She has twice had her first husband, Tom Hoover, arrested for attempting to kill her, but when the matter came to trial the attempt seemed to exist only in her imagination.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevens were married in this city at the Lyon House, and since then have been living the most of the time at Loyal. Ida Cele is certainly a four-time winner and manages to keep up some kind of an interest in her wherever she goes.

Benson-Reimer.

On Monday afternoon at two o'clock occurred the wedding of Albert Benson and Miss Ida Reimer, both of the town of Rudolph. The ceremony took place in the Lutheran church in that town, Rev. J. T. Bittner officiating. After the ceremony there was a reception at the home of the bride's parents, at which a large number of guests assembled and indulged in a royal good time.

Both of the young people are well known in Rudolph and this city, the bride being the daughter of Joseph Reimer, and a most estimable young lady. The groom is the son of Ben Benson and is a worthy young man who is well liked by all of his associates. The Tribune joins with their many friends in wishing them happiness and a long wedded life.

Mr. and Mrs. Benson will make their home in Rudolph with Mr. Benson's father the coming winter, but expect to move to this city in the spring.

Higher Education.

The following dispatch is from Madison and occurred there on Saturday evening:

"Seven young men supposed to be students participated in an initiatory ceremony in a rear room of a Madison saloon to-night. They drank five cases of beer. Six of them hung the seventh the neck to the ceiling and left the place. When the bartender found the man hanging he was apparently dead. The victim was with difficulty resuscitated and taken in a hack to his home. The man had been left hanging from three iron hooks and on the table of the stall was left an open Bible. It is presumed the affair was meant to be a joke, the participants being so intoxicated as to forget the danger."

There is no question that a man is awfully hampered in his life who has not a university education, but there is some solace in the thought that the fools are not all on the outside.

Christmas Program.

The following program will be rendered at the First Congregational church on Sunday evening, December 28th:

Piano Voluntary.....Selected  
Miss Phillo.  
Chorus—Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna.....Schmoecker  
Responsive Reading.....Forteth Selection  
Chorus—Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices.....Gibbs  
Prayer.  
Soprano Solo—Worship Christ the New Born King.....Hammond  
Announcements.  
Collection.  
Piano Introduction.....Selected  
Miss Phillo.  
Chorus—From the Realm of Glory.....Schmoecker  
Address—Happiness.....Rev. B. J. H. Shaw  
Hymn 26.  
Benediction.

Catholic Knight Officers.

The following officers were elected by the lodge of Catholic Knights of Wisconsin of this city at their last regular meeting:

President—P. Mulroy.  
Vice President—P. McCamley.  
Recording Secretary—Frank Stahl.  
Financial Secretary—J. A. Steib.  
Treasurer—David Lutz.  
Trustee 3 years—Dennis McCarthy.  
Sentinel—Nic Eraser.  
The installation will occur on the 1st Sunday in January by John A. Gaynor, installing officer.

Wood by the Pound.

The Madison Democrat advocates the sale of wood by weight. It says, with considerable truth, that wood can be so piled as to make three-quarters of a cord look like a full cord. The same reasoning can be applied also to the measurement of bulky vegetables in small quantities. A crafty grocer, for instance, can so arrange a peck of large potatoes so that there will be little more than half the legitimate weight of a peck in the measure.

Death of E. A. Foster.

E. A. Foster, of Wausau, one of the most prominent lumbermen of the Wisconsin River Valley, died at his home Monday morning from apoplexy. He was president of the Merrill Lumber company and was well known to all in this neighborhood who have been connected with the lumber industry in any way. Mr. Foster was 73 years old.

Building Lots for Sale.

—Forty building lots in first ward from \$75 to \$150. Also good 10 room dwelling and lot \$10x120.  
E. I. PHILLIPS.



NELSON JOHNSON.



## WHEN BOYS WERE MEN

By John Habberton,  
Author of "The Boys' Book," "George Washington," etc.

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I thought this was very cynical of Cloyne. Of course there are impostors everywhere, but splendid, straight, manly looking fellows like our own regiment's share of the "Six Hundred" could not be suspected of anything unfair or pretensions. They were superbly cool and composed, as great soldiers always are, and neither of them seemed to take ordinary interest in any one around him until I chattered to mention one of them to the other. To my great surprise, they were not even acquaintances. This fact or some other seemed to surprise the one I spoke to, and when I brought them together and introduced them they did not look and act at all as I imagined old comrades in a historic battle would. Thinking perhaps they preferred to review old associations in private, I left them, after which they began to chat quite freely, and when next I met one of them he told me they had identified each other at last, and glad they were to find they were old friends. It was a long time before I could get Cloyne to take the slightest interest in them, but he finally eyed them, first carelessly, then curiously. Later I saw him in earnest conversation with one of them, and when I joked with him about it he put on a queer smile and patted me on the shoulder in a patronizing manner that exasperated me.

Our reception at the camp of the Thirty-eighth was not what I had expected. The veterans of the regiment did not turn out to cheer the brave youths who had come to help them put down the rebellion. They did not even offer us something to eat, although it was long after breakfast time and our haversacks had been empty since the night before. A few snatched over to the adjutant's tent, to which we had been marched, and looked at us as if in search of familiar faces, but no one took special interest in us except the orderly sergeants of the various companies, whom the adjutant had the sergeant-major summon by bugle call. The company in which we had enlisted had not yet been organized, so we were allotted temporarily among the older companies, and the orderly sergeants swore frightfully, as they marched us off, at the trouble they would have to squeeze an extra man or two into every tent of a lot already well filled. The men in the tents did not do much to make us feel at home, although one or two put on some appearance of friendliness as they asked us if we had brought down anything in pocket flasks.

We Summerton boys were not made any more comfortable by being separated, as we chanced to be. No three of us were assigned to the same company, much less to the same tent. There seemed nothing for us to do or see either, for no drill was ordered during the morning. Before dinner call was sounded I had lost all interest in the service and the war. I could think of nothing but our farm at Summerton and the people who occupied it. My father had promised to visit me in camp before winter if the authorities would permit. How I hoped he would not do it! I should have been glad to have him see the camp of the Ninety-ninth, but the cavalry camp was very different. There seemed no end of detached tents and huts, with no particular purpose that I could discover. Nothing was as I had expected.

After dinner we boys had an opportunity to see each other again. We enjoyed the meeting, but not its purpose, for each new recruit was given a shovel and set to digging post holes and ditches for some new stables that were to be built. I could have had plenty of digging without coming several hundred miles from home, for my father had long intended to set a new fence. An excitable young Frenchman among the recruits seemed somewhat of my way of thinking, for he suddenly dropped his shovel and shouted:

"I will not dig ze hole! I enlist for la gloire, not for dirty work like zis!"

"Ah, you want glory, eh?" said the German sergeant who seemed engineer in chief. "Den better it is you go back to your own country, vere dey ain't got no sense."

The Frenchman said something between his teeth and thrust out his fist. The sergeant collared the Frenchman and kicked him all the way to the guardhouse. There were no protests after that. Post holes and ditches increased rapidly, and I was somewhat astonished to discover that the short ditch dug by Phil Hamilton was the most shapely of the lot.

We recruits got some comfort after supper in criticizing the movements of the cavalry at dress parade. They marched with less style than the most awkward company of the Ninety-ninth, and looked shabby by the lack of resemblance in their hats, no two of which set alike, although all were of black felt.

Signs of hospitality continuing to be invisible, some of us Summerton recruits concluded to spend the night on the quartermaster's hay pile. Virginia dews, however, had grown cooler in the month that had elapsed since the Ninety-ninth went north, and we had to arise in the middle of the night and indulge in violent exercise to warm our blood. We talked a great lot, too, so much that the sergeant of the guard came over to see what was the matter. When we told him why we were there

and how uncomfortable we were, he said:

"Serves you right. Men who've been in the service once before and got out and hadn't sense enough to stay out deserve all the bad luck they can find."

I was angry and miserable enough to believe for the moment that he was nearly half right.

### CHAPTER V.

THINGS SLOW AND LIVELY.



ITHIN a few days our company was organized, and we recruits were gathered into tents of our own. But we continued to be thoroughly miserable. The cavalry camp seemed such a stifling, do nothing place for all who were not recruits that I thought seriously of writing a private letter to President Lincoln suggesting that he should have this large and lazy body of men go out and kill some rebels or do something else that would help end the war. It seemed to me that the men I saw lounging about me could not possibly be the same who had been all the talk of the past when the Ninety-ninth was there.

We recruits did very little lounging. We were drilled pretty steadily in the use of a sabre, a weapon which did not feel or act anything like we had supposed. For days it seemed too heavy and clumsy for me ever to use to any purpose, and I doubted whether I ever should be able to injure the Confederacy or defend myself by any of the



I beheld an odd spectacle.

thrusts, points or cuts of the manual of arms. I told Cloyne so one day, and he replied:

"That's the reason you're being taught. There'd be nonsense in teaching you if you already knew how."

The regiment—that is, the new companies—had no horses, and we Summerton boys would feel very dismal when we saw the older companies mount and go off on a scouting trip, as they did at least once a week, while we, instead, were marched out to drill or set to work on the stables, which were so many and large that it seemed they never would be finished. There were 12 of them, and each was more than 300 feet long and required 100 thick 10 foot posts, which had to be cut in the forest, besides hundreds of smaller ones for the roof and to divide the stalls. Many of the men made up their minds while this work was going on that a soldier's life was a dog's life, and they proved their sincerity by acting like dogs—growling, snarling, skulking and fighting.

During this wretched experience of cavalry life my spirits were strengthened frequently by observing the imperturbable manner of Hamilton, listening to Cloyne's sensible comments on whatever occurred and admiring the loyal spirit of little Brainard, to whom whatever the government did through any of its officials seemed entirely right. Whenever my mind was troubled because I didn't understand the full meaning of everything that was done or left undone Brainard would remind me that if I knew everything about the war I probably wouldn't be a private soldier, but general of the army or perhaps president of the United States.

"Leave something, a little something, to the colonel or the war department or at least the president," Brainard would say. "If you could do and manage everything, as you seem to wish, the higher officials wouldn't have anything to do but draw their pay, don't you see?"

There was some truth in this, and such a remark would generally pacify me for a few hours. I think, however, that I got most comfort out of my spurs and the joy I anticipated for the time when I should have a horse and tickle his flanks. My father had never allowed one of his horses to be touched with a spur—my experience with old Rover was unknown to him—so there was a pleasure in store for me. And what spurs they were! I had brought them from New York. They were "Mexicans," the wheels nearly three inches in diameter, with points as long as a single nail, and they gave out a bell-like jingle as I walked, which was such sweet music to my ear that I never was without them. I even wore them to bed, for, as no one removed any of his clothing when lying down for the night on the floor of his tent, where was the use in taking off one's spurs?

One night this question was answered to some extent. Our tent was round, and the 15 men who lived in it slept with heads toward the outside and feet to the center. By early November the nights were so cold that a man needed a blanket as well as his uniform to keep him warm. Several recruits who admired my spurs had purchased others as much like them as possible of the regimental sutler or storekeeper, and they wore them continually. One evening after our tent had enjoyed a private supper of fried-seed goose, purchased from a colored

woman, we all lay down peacefully to sleep. Whether the goose—there were two of them—were underdone or too rich for men whose ordinary supper was dry bread and sauce of dried apples I don't know, but some of us were affected in our dreams very much like small children after Christmas dinner and unlimited candy. How the trouble began I do not know, but I awoke from a dream of being heavily shackled in a rebel dungeon to find a terrible uproar and struggle going on in the tent, which was as black as Egypt during the plague of darkness. To make matters worse, the most serious part of my dream seemed still in operation, for I could not liberate my feet when I tried to crawl away from the center.

"What blasted cuss has been tying our feet together?" roared one man.

"Let go of my blanket," shouted another, "or I'll break your head!"

"You're a nice one to talk," said a third, "when it's you that's making all the trouble!"

Meanwhile I, who had just awoke and didn't know anything about the difficulty, was being dragged one way and another by my feet, so I raised my own voice and complained of unfair treatment.

The din awoke the first sergeant, one of the only two noncommissioned officers yet appointed for our company, and he opened the tent flap and roared:

"Keep quiet here or I'll send you all to the guardhouse!"

"I'd be greatly obliged, sergeant," said Brainard plaintively, "if you'd send me there right away. If only to get out of this frightful snarl."

"Strike a light," said the sergeant.

Hamilton, who always carried matches, scratched one and lighted the candle, which was in a socket on the tent pole; then, as I struggled to a sitting posture, I beheld an odd spectacle. Nearly all the men in the tent seemed bound together by the feet by blankets or held down by blankets stretched tightly across their legs. After each man had investigated for himself a little while it appeared that the men with Mexican spurs, like all the others, had been tossing uneasily in their sleep, all on account of the goose supper, and had worked the point of their spurs through the blankets over their feet. As the blankets greatly overlapped one another at the center, a spur as often as not had contracted an entangling alliance with some other fellow's blanket, and the harder the wearer tried in his sleep to free himself, tossing and straining, the worse became the misery.

"Unloose yourselves!" said the sergeant.

"Unloose thunder!" shouted a big ex-drawman from New York. "You can't unloose a lie till you find the end, and the ends of these blankets is all inside somewhere."

"Be jabbers," grunted an Irishman. "I believe some spalpeen has stole the ends and tuk 'em away."

We picked and pulled and tugged and lost our tempers, and the few men who weren't in the tangle drew out of the crowd and laughed and jeered. Finally one desperate man drew his pocket-knife and began to cut himself loose. The others followed his example, and after five minutes of hard work we were free, with an immense heap of woolen rags in the center of the tent and a hard tuft on each spur to tell how the wretchedness began.

"No spurs in bed hereafter," said the captain, who had come over to see the fun and was nearly choking in an effort to keep down his laughter and his dignity. It took an hour of time next day to get the fragments of blanket from my spur wheels, and I wasn't helped by the fellows who sat around and said I was to blame for the whole row, for no one would have bought those infernal spurs if I hadn't set the example.

### CHAPTER VI.

AT LAST.



NE night as we were falling asleep just after taps the first sergeant came to our tent and said:

"All men turn out to draw revolvers and ammunition. The whole regiment starts on scout right after breakfast in the morning. The horses will reach camp tonight."

And that glorious, soul thrilling order was delivered in as careless tones as if the sergeant had merely come in for a man to carry wood for the cook. I made up my mind that the sergeant was not the man for his place and that the captain showed himself unfit for his business by appointing such a man. Nevertheless I hurried to the sergeant's tent, and my soul thrilled with patriotic joy as I saw the great wooden box full of revolvers of the heaviest caliber. I knew something about revolvers, my father having invented one and allowed me to help him in some of his experiments. I mentally made the calculation right there that if each man in the regiment fired only one shot at close quarters, which is all the revolver is fit for in war, there would be about 1,000 fewer effective men in the Confederate army by the time we returned.

Besides the revolver each man received a holster, to be worn at the belt, a cartridge box and a box for percussion caps. For this was before the days of metallic cartridges. When the sergeant began to issue ammunition, however, his language suddenly became unfit for publication, for the department quartermaster, who was 20 or 40 miles away, had by mistake sent carbine cartridges, which, of course, were far too large for revolvers.

The sergeant reported the fact to the captain, while big Pat Callahan, of whom I had seen as little as possible, recalled old times by saying it was "all the government's fault, an' if the gov'ment's brains was turned into gunpowder there wouldn't be enough to blow it to"—perdition. The captain used

language which proved that he was not a member of the church, but suddenly he dived into the big box in which the pistols had come and drew forth a bullet.

"Does any one here know how to load revolvers with loose ammunition?" he asked.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Cloyne, touching his hat.

"I, too," said I.

"Good!" said the captain. "You three break up carbine cartridges, make a fire, reload the bullets and load all the pistols. Six shots apiece will be better than none. Sergeant, collect the revolvers."

Then the men returned to their tents, more than half of them joining big Pat Callahan in cursing the government. Hamilton and I began breaking cartridges, while Cloyne started a fire near the cookhouse and looked for something in which to melt the lead. After much searching he settled on one of the cook's frying pans. Then he had to boil the bullets in water to get the grease from them, so an hour passed before we had any new bullets.

That job of loading pistols hung on amazingly. Some of the cylinders did not work well, so we had to "nurse" them, for it would never do for any man to be without a pistol in the face of the enemy. I became so sleepy that I had to pinch myself to keep awake. Once in awhile Cloyne did not close the mold tightly before pouring the lead, so the balls would be a little too



Down beside me came Mick McTegny.

large to fit the cylinders, and we tried to make them smaller by scraping the slides with our pocketknives. Daylight began to dawn, and still 20 or more revolvers remained unloaded. Reville blew, the captain came to look on, spoke impatiently and then said we were doing very well. Breakfast call sounded, and the men got not only their breakfast, but three days' rations to pack in their haversacks. Still we had some unloaded pistols. Then one man after another came up and told about the horses and made me almost wild with anticipation and fear, the latter because they said each man was allowed to select his horse, so what would be left for us but the poorest nags of the hundred?

Finally the last revolver was charged. I went at a double quick pace to the cookhouse for my breakfast and rations. The latter consisted of hard tack and a great piece of pork. How was I to put that lump of fat into my haversack? I had not even a bit of paper, much less a saucer or box. I settled the matter by throwing it away. Fat pork was disgusting stuff anyhow. Then, eating as I ran, I hurried to the stable.

The stable orderly looked at me, grinned most offensively and pointed to the only horse that remained. I went into the stall to look at him, but got out again just in time to save myself from a kick. There was no time to be lost, for most of the men had already mounted and were being cursed into some sort of line in the company street.

"Fall in on the extreme left!" roared the captain. I obeyed orders, being near there already. A mounted sergeant was already there, but he was not there a moment later. He went to the hospital with a compound fracture of the lower leg, caused by the hoofs of my horse, and he never saw active service again.

As we sat there and were again brought to some semblance of line, the captain remembered that he had not yet appointed his full complement of noncommissioned officers. The company was entitled to eight sergeants and eight corporals, of whom only five sergeants had been designated, and one of these had been sent to the rear by my horse. Of corporals we had none.

"Who loaded those pistols?" asked the captain.

"Cloyne, Hamilton and Frost," replied the first sergeant.

"And Brainard," said I from the left.

"Cloyne," said the captain. "You will act as sergeant; Hamilton, sergeant—commisary; Frost—"

How did my jacket buttons succeed in holding in my heart during that glorious second of anticipation? I forgot every annoyance and disappointment of the past. Military ability, even if only displayed in loading revolvers, was to be recognized and rewarded. The captain was a splendid fellow. I wanted to order three cheers for him at once, but just then a familiar grating voice rose from the center of the line.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Only Way to Prove It.

"Which do you think should be more highly esteemed, money or brains?" "Brains," answered Senator Sorghum. "But nowadays the only way a man can convince people that he has brains is to get money."—Washington Star.

First Publication 11-12-31

### Notice of Application.

Wood County Court.

STATE OF WISCONSIN,

COUNTY OF WOOD.

In the matter of the estate of Oscar Bach,

deceased.

On this 11th day of November, A. D. 1931, upon reading and filing the petition of South Bach, guardian of the estate of said Oscar Bach, of the county of Wood, Wisconsin, filed in said court, and on or about the 15th day of January, 1931, more than ten years ago leaving no personal property and praying that the heirs of said Oscar Bach be determined.

It is Ordered, That said application be heard before me, at the probate office in the city of Grand Rapids, in said Wood county, on the 20th day of December, A. D. 1931 at ten o'clock a. m.

And it is further Ordered, That notice of the time and place appointed for hearing said application be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper printed in said county, previous to the time appointed for said hearing.

By the court, W. J. CONWAY, County Judge.

(First Publication 12-10-31)

### Notice of Application.

Wood County Court—In Probate.

STATE OF WISCONSIN,

COUNTY OF WOOD.

In the matter of the estate of Sheridan Jes-

son, deceased.

On this 11th day of December, A. D. 1931, upon reading and filing the petition of Phyllis Jeson, widow of said Sheridan Jeson, of the county of Wood, Wisconsin, filed in said court, and on or about the 22nd day of November, 1931, and praying that she, Phyllis Jeson, be appointed administratrix of the estate of said deceased.

It is Ordered, That said application be heard before me, at the probate office in the city of Grand Rapids, on the 6th day of January, A. D. 1932, at ten o'clock a. m.

And it is further Ordered, That notice of time and place appointed for hearing said application be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper printed in said county, previous to the time appointed for said hearing.

By the court, W. J. CONWAY, County Judge.

(First Publication 12-10-31)

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# POLITICS and— CORNELIA

By Elizabeth A. Hyde

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"A man in my position," he said pompously, "is called upon to do many disagreeable things."

Cornelia subdued a laugh behind her fan. How funny he was! Cornelia had a provoking sense of humor and was always seeing jokes where none was intended.

She moved her rocker farther into the shadow and looked down on the man in the full glare of the street lamp. He had his profile turned at just the right angle, as usual. It was a handsome profile, and Cornelia was so used to it that when, on one occasion, he failed to present it directly she asked him, with one of her slow, inscrutable smiles, to do so. He did not see the sarcasm beneath her fun, and his insufferable conceit was undoubtedly flattered.

"Disagreeable things?" she said lightly. "Why, what are they? Tell me about them."

"Well, there's choosing among clerks for promotion, for one thing, and dismissing them when you can't keep them, for another—widows and mothers who come weeping into your office and faint on your sofa and have to be taken home in cabs."

"Oh, dear, how sad! Do you have to say who is to go? It must be very hard."

"It is. There are other things that are just bore, like recommendations, for example. Hardly a day passes but some young fellow asks me for a letter to his chief or a senator or representative. Of course it's easy enough to dictate a few lines of stuff just to satisfy him, but it's a bore to have him come, especially when he comes again because the letter was no good."

"But aren't the letters any good?" asked Cornelia in real surprise. "I thought you had such—oh, such wonderful influence now. I thought any letter of yours would get any one anything."

The man looked up with a grim smile.

"Oh, of course I can get anything I really want," he said. "I've fixed several men from my state very comfortably, but these others are just boys, Miss Cornelia, looking out for a soft snap. We men can't be bothered with recommending kids."

"Weren't you ever a kid yourself, Mr. Stokes?" was on Cornelia's lips, but she checked them in time. She was thinking of one kid in particular who like these others was looking for a soft snap. At least, he had told Cornelia it was a soft snap because it meant \$4,500 a year to him and something more precious besides, but there was hard work in it, and he knew it. Cornelia knew all about it. When "the kid" had asked her to marry him it was not because she admired his classic profile (even she could hardly call it that), and instead of blaming herself and fate she had found that life had suddenly become grander, sweeter and better worth the living. She wished she could ask this man to help him, to give him the letter the commissioner required and which she knew the boy was going to request. That hateful red tape! The commissioner had said, "Yes, undoubtedly young Beale is the man for the place, but how are we to give it to him when he seems to have no political backing at all, whereas that fellow Morris, who hasn't the sense he was born with, has the whole senate or near it?"

"The kids don't understand the tricks of the trade, you see," the man went on. "They think a letter's a letter and go off grinning, expecting to be in the cabinet in four years and president in eight. They're too soft to know that nine out of ten letters are shams and not worth the paper they're written on."

Cornelia felt a distinct hatred of this man who could speak so cruelly. How she detested him for saying "kids!" She wished he would go.

"How do you manage with the recipients of the letters?" she asked, to make conversation. "Don't they honor all from the Hon. Gilbert Stokes?"

"No," he replied. "They all know the little finishing touch that makes it important. If we mean what we say and really want a fellow to get a job, we pin a visiting card to the top of the letter. If there's no card, it means no job. Simple, isn't it? When the letters go by hand, the boys think it's a little dodge to prevent forgery or something of that sort, and we never have any trouble."

Cornelia's throat tightened. "I—I don't see how you can do that," she said stiffly. "But—but I suppose—with a swift change of tone—"you can't help it, of course. And how do you do it?"

"It's not much of a story," he said, and it was not, but Cornelia listened with breathless interest and was glad that he wandered on from one topic to another, requiring only monosyllabic replies from her. She sat in the grate-furnace and her usually quiet hands fidgeting and unfurling her fan. When he rose to go, she said good night with unwonted cordiality and watched him as he strode down the street past the merry doorstep parties out of sight. But long after the last noisy group had dispersed she still sat there thinking.

The boy came up stairs two steps at a time and nearly knocked Cornelia over at the top.

"It's come, dear!" he cried, catching her in his arms to steady them both.

"So you can order your trousseau at

Isn't he a trick?"

The quick color flew to Cornelia's cheeks.

"Oh," she said, "you got my note? I'm so glad, dear. May I see the letter?"

She took it with trembling fingers and read it through. It was addressed to the commissioner and asked in courteous and well-chosen phrases that the writer's esteemed young friend, Geoffrey Beale, be appointed to the position he sought. The letter was spotless and correct in every detail, but there was no sign of a card either on the letter or in the envelope, the latter containing only Geoffrey's letter of transmittal.

"Will you let me show it to mother, dear?" the girl asked, refolding it. "She will like to see it, of course. It is time, isn't it?" she rattled on. "Just what you needed. It is so kind of Mr. Stokes. I will be back in a minute or two."

She found her mother and read the precious page to her; then, running noiselessly on the soft carpets, she went to her own room. Hastily selecting a visiting card from the tray on her desk, she pinned it to the letter and closed the envelope. Her heart was beating wildly, and her fluttering hands could hardly hold the letter. She stood an instant undecided, then dropped on her knees beside the bed.

"Dear God," she whispered, "don't let it be wicked—please don't let it be wicked, dear God! I don't mean it to be, and it is the only way." She knelt a moment with bowed head, then went quietly down stairs.

"Mother thinks it is lovely, dear," she said. "See! I have closed it for you, with all my love and best wishes for its success. Won't that give it luck?"

They went out together and posted it. In the evening the man came again.

"A queer thing happened yesterday," he said. "You remember our talk last week about writing letters of introduction?"

Well, I wrote one yesterday for that young fellow Beale—you know him, I believe—and my man failed to put the card in. I want Beale to get the place. He's a really capable man. I found the card on the desk after the mail had gone out. I wrote to the commissioner at once. It will be all right, of course, but I wonder how often that sort of thing happens."

Cornelia gripped the arms of her chair tightly and stared straight ahead of her into the darkness. The man studied her face.

"That was—that is so kind of you, Mr. Stokes," she said gently. "Geoffrey—I mean Mr. Beale—will be very grateful. We have been so—so anxious for him to succeed."

The man smiled grimly. "Then he said 'Good night!' and went down the street slowly, as if he was not quite sure of the way."

**Her Dog.**  
A bachelor girl who hurried home each evening from her studio with the picture always before her of the small friend who was to greet her at the door of her apartment in a wriggling ecstasy of welcome had a guest one evening who did not go in so much for dogs as he did for bachelor girls. The girl had rebuked her small friend rather sharply for barking at the man who didn't care for dogs, and the former had taken refuge under a table.

"Do you really think dogs are worth while?" asked the man.

"Make a gesture as though you were to strike me," replied the girl.

The man did so. In an instant the small friend that a moment before had been beaten and had crawled under the table to brood over his wrongs was standing beside his mistress with backles up and teeth gleaming, growling ominously at the guest. "Do you know what he is growling at you?" asked the girl. "It's only a paraphrase, but the original once made a nation's blood tingle. When I think of how I have humiliated and shamed him before you and of how he stands here now on guard, I am foolish enough to feel my own blood tingle. His growl, translated, means, 'My mistress—right or wrong?'—New York Telegram.

**A Missing Point.**

"Professor," said an acquaintance, "you understand Latin, do you not?"

"Well," replied the professor, "I may be said to have a fair knowledge of Latin; yes."

"I know everybody says you have. I wish you would tell me what 'volix' means. Nobody that I have asked seems to have heard the word."

"If there is any such word as 'volix,' madam, of which I have serious doubts, I certainly do not know what it means."

"You surprise me, professor. A man of your attainments ought to know that 'volix' means vol. ix."

The professor devoted a moment to calling up his reserves and bringing his light artillery into action.

"It is no wonder, madam," he said, "that I did not see the point of your joke. You left the point out of it."

**Imagination.**

"Some folks," says a New York hotel clerk, "are so easily 'hornswoggled.' Oh, that's Greek, I guess, and means that you are fooled. Now, for instance, a man in a restaurant the other day ordered broiled mackerel, and he ate it with great relish, loudly declaring that broiling is the only way to cook mackerel. But was his mackerel broiled? Not much. It is too much trouble to broil a fish, so the cook put it in a pan and fried it and then made burned lines across it with a red-hot poker kept in readiness for such emergencies. So the man was 'hornswoggled,' but as he didn't know it, he was as happy as though he had really eaten broiled mackerel. I tell you, imagination is three-fourths of life."

# Remedy

(Original)

It happened when I was attending medical lectures. One day I went from a clinic to my room, sat in my easy chair and lighted a pipe. I expected my mother, who was coming to town, at any moment.

"Great Scott! What's that?" From my bedroom came a clear, melodious whistle. The air was, "Oh, listen to the mocking bird!" and after the chorus came an excellent imitation of the bird's notes. When it was finished, a sweet feminine voice said:

"Why don't you do your part, Billy?" My name is not Billy, and I never did any part in the song of "The Mocking Bird."

What occupied my mind was who had taken possession of my bedroom to give such a concert. I got up from my chair and proceeded to find out. The door between the two rooms opened, and there stood a very pretty girl.

We stood looking at one another for a moment equally astonished. Then she executed the feminine device, taken doubtless from the bird which burlesques its head in the sand to avoid being seen, of clapping her hands to her face.

"There is evidently some mistake," I remarked.

"An awful mistake."

"How did you get into my bedroom?"

"I thought it was Billy's."

"Who is Billy?"

"My brother, Billy Fanning."

"Why, he's my claim. His rooms are next to mine."

There was a knock at my sitting room door. The girl shrunk back into my bedroom, and I closed the door. Turning, there was a head looking in to the room—my mother.

"Dear boy!"

"Dear mother!"

Oh, if there were only a door opening from my bedroom into the hall! But there was no such door. The girl could not leave my room except by the one we were in.

"You are tired, mother, at climbing the stairs. Sit in this chair and rest."

I put her in the chair and listened to and asked the usual questions after a separation.

"I haven't any refreshment to offer you, mother, dear, but if you'll just step next door to the rooms of my friend Billy Fanning I dare say I can find something."

"I don't want anything. I have only an hour to spend with you and must get right to work at your linen."

"There's not a break in it. I looked over everything carefully last night."

"And I'll look over everything carefully this morning."

She arose and was going to my bedroom. Indeed she had her hand on the doorknob when I stopped her.

"Mother," I said, with a trembling voice.

"Oh, my boy, what's the matter?"

"Mother, before you go in there I have something of importance to communicate."

"Do tell me, quick! Has anything happened?"

"Mother, I'm engaged."

"Engaged and without consulting your poor mother! Oh, Roger, how could you?"

"And, mother, my fiancée is in that room now attending to my linen."

"Your fiancée in there! Then I'll never speak to her!"

"But, mother, it's worse yet. I haven't told you all. I'm married. It's my wife who is in there."

Poor mother sank into my arms and groaned.

"Mother, when you see her you'll be delighted. She's lovely. She's Billy Fanning's sister."

"I don't care who she is, I'll have nothing to do with her."

Now, I had purposely talked sufficiently loud for the girl in the next room to hear. She did hear and lent herself to my desperate makeshift. She opened the door and stepped boldly out.

"Mother, this is Miss—I mean my wife. I know you will love her and she will love you."

The girl walked up to mother, kissed her and asked in a voice into which she contrived to throw a tremor, "Can you forgive us?"

"You are a very sweet looking girl," said my mother, somewhat appeased.

"Yes, mother, and when you've known her as long as I have you'll admit she's as lovely as she looks."

The girl turned away suddenly. Mother supposed it was to hide her blushes at my enunciation. I caught a glimpse of her face in a mirror and saw that it was to hide laughter.

"Well, Roger, you've been a very bad boy to do this clandestinely, but I dare say when I hear the explanation I'll understand it all and not blame you."

"Yes, mother." Then I said to my supposed wife, who was making for the sitting room door, "Must you go so soon, dear?"

"Yes, but I've not touched your linen. Your mother won't have to give that up for some time yet."

When I got mother off, I went next door, where I found Miss Fanning.

"This is a serious matter," I said to her. "And I see but one way out of it. I offer you my heart and hand and ask you to consider my proposition as long as we can deceive my mother. Then we must be married or suffer the consequences."

We kept mother quiet for thirty days and told several lies each day. Then there was an announced engagement, followed by a public wedding.

Billy Fanning and my wife often whistle "The Mocking Bird" together to piano accompaniment, but my wife invariably fails to keep the required pucker.

F. A. MITCHELL.

goes in for extravagant ideas, but the man who maintains good social position and who entertains liberally, were to balance up his personal account for the year, it might contain these charges without comparative extravagance:

House or apartment and service.....	\$4,500
Valet.....	5.00
Clubs.....	1.00
Restaurant and entertaining.....	12.00
Clothing.....	3.00
Automobiles.....	5.00
Chartered yacht.....	10.00
Cards.....	2.00
Bad loans.....	3.00
Horses, coach, grooms, etc.....	20.00
Total.....	\$22.50

These are the more or less fixed items of expense, and any one who has ever attempted to keep a personal account knows that when you have put down the necessary expenses you may add almost as much for the thousand and one things that may be grouped conveniently under the head of "incidental expenses." In a general way it may be said that the millionaire bachelor who spends from \$75,000 to \$100,000 a year is living his life in accordance with the demands of the time on men of wealth.—Miss Lee's.

**A Catch Net.**

Turn round, and, with your back to the table, ask somebody to throw the dice. Then tell the person who threw them to double the number of the spots on the die on the left, and keep the number to himself. Tell him to add five, then multiply by five. To this figure have him add the number of spots on the die in the middle and multiply the product by ten.

Then ask him to multiply the number of spots on the third die and give you the aggregate sum. From the amount subtract mentally 250, and the remainder will show in the three figures the number of spots on each of the three dice. For instance, take three dice. Their numbers are three, five and two. Double the one on the left—five plus five equals ten. Add five, equals fifteen. Multiply by five, equals seventy-five. Add the number of spots on the die in the middle, three, equals eighty-eight. Multiply by ten, equals 880. Add number of spots on the third die, two, equals 882. Subtract 250 and 532 remains, which are numbers on the dice.

**Why the Audience Laughed.**

At a public entertainment recently a conjurer had an experience which was highly comical, though quite disastrous from a professional point of view.

Having produced an egg from a previously empty bag, he announced that he would follow up this trick by bringing from the bag the hen that laid the egg. This little arrangement he left to his confederate to carry out. He proceeded to draw the bird from the bag, but what was his surprise on finding that the alleged hen was an old rooster, which strutted about the stage with ruffled feathers and offended dignity and set up as vigorous a crowing as if it had just awakened from its nocturnal slumbers.

The whole audience shrieked with laughter, and the unfortunate conjurer made a bolt for the dressing room.

**The Tumbleweed.**

The tumbleweed is a curious plant, indigenous to the western prairies. It grows in all directions from a central stem, making a large flat head, close to the ground. In the fall, after being touched by the frost or dried by the weather, the stem breaks off, the head becomes the sport of the wind and is driven off across the prairie, scattering seeds as it goes and finally bringing up against some obstruction which arrests its progress. These weeds have been seen piled ten feet high against a fence, driven there by the wind.

**Jack Tar as a Critic.**

At an auction art sale the other day a marine view was about to be knocked down at a handsome figure when a bluff sailor, who had happened to wander in, exclaimed earnestly:

"My stars, if there ain't a vessel drifting on to the rocks with a strong breeze blowing offshore!"

The artist took his work home to rearrange the wind.

**She Was Surprised.**

Mrs. Neighbors—What's that awful racket in the next room?"

Mrs. Rounder—Oh, that's only my husband dressing to go downtown.

Mrs. Neighbors—Indeed! I've heard folk say he was a loud dresser, but I had no idea it was anything like that.

—Chicago News.

**No One Made a Motion.**

"Kin any one make a motion?" asked one of the audience. "Gents," said Alkali Bill, chairman of the meeting, "as he laid his revolver on the table, 'owin' to the general custom of wearin' weapons in these parts I trust no one will make a motion.'"—Philadelphia Record.

**A Mean Defense.**  
Magistrate—It's very disgraceful that you should beat your wife.

Prisoner—Well, yer honor, she aggravated me by keepin' on sayin' she'd 'ave me hup afore that bad'ended hold 'nbug, meanin' yer honor.

Magistrate—You're discharged.

**A Comparison.**  
"How'd ye like the lecturer at the town hall last night, Si?"

"Great! He was a Boston feller, an' I swan, I never laughed so hard in my life. He knew more long words than a negro minstrel!"—Baltimore American.

**A Little Close.**

"You married a rich wife, didn't you?" asked Jones of his friend.

"Yes," he sighed, "but she's not declared any dividend yet."

**A Shrew**

(Original)

"I'm afraid," said my friend Peter Bliss, "that the girl I'm going to marry is a shrew."

"You are Peter, and she is Katherine. Why not try Petruchio's plan?"

"Who was Petruchio?"

"A character in Shakespeare's play of the 'Taming of the Shrew.' He pretended to be fiercer than his wife Katherine and in this way brought her under subjection."

"That's not a bad idea."

The next time I saw Peter Bliss was at the club. His wife was in the country, and he was living a bachelor's life. I went up to him and offered my hand, which he took very coolly.

"What's the matter, old man?"

"What did you put me on to that Petruchio business for?"

"Didn't it work?"

"Oh, yes, it worked, but in a different way from the play."

I lighted a cigar and sat down by him.

"We had been married a week," he said, "and returned from our wedding trip. I got down that play you told me about and read it. The first thing that Petruchio did to show his spunk was to complain at dinner that the meat was not properly cooked and send it away."

I suppose this was to starve his wife into subjection. Well, I concluded to try the same scheme. At our first meal I flourished the carving knife and cried out that the meat was burned to a crisp and not fit to eat. Kate sat looking at me in astonishment.

"'Bridget,' I yelled, 'take away this meat, and the next time you roast a piece of beef in this house don't cook it all day!'"

"With this I got up from the table and went out, slamming the door after me."

"I didn't go home till late, because I wanted to give Kate time to think over what a terrible fellow I was and make up her mind to smooth me down gently. When I went up stairs, I found that she had gone off into the guestroom to sleep, leaving me our bedroom to rave in as much as I liked. Although I was disappointed that she had not received me humbly after the outbreak and endeavored to pacify me, it was plain that she was afraid of me, and this was so much to the good. I didn't sleep very well and the next morning went down to breakfast feeling much in need of a good cup of coffee. Entering the dining room, I was surprised to see no cloth on the table. What I did see was a note from Kate saying that as the servant had departed bag and baggage the day before there would be no meals served in the house for the present. She (Kate) had gone to her mother's for breakfast, and I could get mine where I liked.

"The result of the first move was not quite satisfactory. I didn't seem to have terrified my wife, and I had been the means of losing a very good servant. The truth is that I didn't have the heart to go any further. Nevertheless, after I had got a miserable cup of coffee at a restaurant (I didn't dare to come here for fear of having to answer questions), I went back home and, sitting at my wife's writing desk, wrote her a note directing her to return to the house, find a servant and behave herself. I sent it by a messenger, directing that the answer be brought to me at the office. I was afraid I wouldn't get an answer, but I did. My wife informed me that as I had been the cause of the servant leaving she would expect me to secure another, when she would go home at once.

"There was nothing to do but hunt the intelligence offices, question girls and engage one. I went through a lot of them, selected the best of the lot and hired her, but she never appeared. Then I went through the terrible work a second time, with the same result. The third girl I engaged appeared, but while waiting for me to get home the servant next door told her what a frightful temper I had, and she told me when I came she had decided that she didn't want to stay."

"Meanwhile I had not sent a word to my wife, hoping that my silence would trouble her. I resolved now to write her that she was leaving work to me that really belonged to her and that it was her duty to come home and attend to the servant matter herself. I was surprised to receive a very kind note in reply, saying that I was quite right. She was the proper person to engage a girl and she would gladly do so provided the girl was not to be treated as the last one had been treated. The note ended very sympathetically.

"What I had to do in order to return to comfort was to make a simple promise not to make an ass of myself again and all would be well, but this was surrender, and I assumed that it meant living under subjection for the rest of my life. However, it was the only thing to do, and when I did it I apologized handsomely, adding that I had tried the experiment of living without her, but had found she was not only necessary to run the house, but it was desolate without her."

"I got no reply to the note, but when I went home at dinner time my wife met me at the door, threw her arms about me and made me happy as a king. The servant I had abused was cooking a dinner, and the house was in perfect order. Kate has since given me my way all I have wanted."

"It's my opinion about women," added Peter, "that to have your own way with them you've first got to make a complete surrender. Then you can do what you like. I don't believe that Petruchio story had any foundation in fact whatever."

MARTIN C. WINSTON.

# G. W. Paulus

Buys and Sells

Farms, Lands, Homes & Lots.

Insures Your Property Against Fires, Tornadoes In First class Companies.

Loans Money on First Class Securities.

For particulars Write or call on me at Grand Rapids, Wis. Office in Wood County Nat'l Bank Block. Phone 369.

# FINE FINISHED PHOTOGRAPHS...

That is the only kind of work that is turned out at the Morterud Studio. Every photo that is made is as near perfect as it is possible to get it before it is delivered. I have several new styles of mounts that are especially fetching for holiday work, and if you contemplate having any photos made for this season you should come now, and there will be no question of your getting them in plenty of time.

**Morterud's**  
STUDIO, EAST SIDE

# HARNESS HAPPENINGS

When looking for anything in the harness line, don't forget that J. H. Landry, whose shop is near the bridge on the West side, is always ready to supply your wants. He keeps everything in the line of harnesses and horse goods and his prices are so low that once you have traded with him you will look him up again. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

**J. H. LANDRY**

WEST SIDE, NEAR BRIDGE.

GRAND RAPIDS, - WIS.

# A. GITCHELL, PRACTICAL PLUMBER

Is now located at B. Metzger's old shop on the east side.

**DEPARTMENT SHOPS.**

You can get your Plumbing and House Heating done.

Your Pumps repaired or new Pumps and Iron Pipe.

Your Horses Shod and Blacksmithing done.

Your Wagons, Steighs or Buggies repaired and painted and all kinds of wood work.

Each branch has a practical mechanic and we can turn out first class work in each department. All orders promptly attended to. Telephone 30.

**A. GITCHELL,**  
Grand Rapids, Wisconsin

**ALL KINDS OF COAL**

PRICES RIGHT.

**E. C. KETCHUM.**



BY DRUMB & SUTOR.

Grand Rapids, Wis., Dec. 24, 1902

Entered at the Post Office at Grand Rapids, Wis., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months......75

AN exchange says, "With continued improvement in automobile manufacture the horseless vehicle will soon be within the reach of people with moderate means. At the present time the smaller class of automobiles are sold at from \$250 to \$1,000."

Yes, that the trouble, the blizzard machines are so cheap now that a self-respecting editor would have one of them.

THE Pure Food bill was passed by the house on Friday. This bill prohibits the introduction into any state or territory any adulterated food or commodities used in the production of food which may contain adulterations of any kind. It also applies to candy. The law is certainly a good measure and should be enforced. Adulterated food of all kinds has become so common at this age that anything pure is more the exception than the rule.

EVERY pothouse politician, every catch-phrase sage, every candidate for bankruptcy, has a cure for the trusts. We have faith enough to believe that by patience, wisdom and deliberation the errors of our rapid commercial advance may be corrected without killing our wide prosperity. Anyone can kill, it takes a surgeon to cure.—Eau Claire Leader.

The only persons who are not advancing any theories as to how to cure trusts are the fellows who are a part of the trusts. They don't seem to care about having the trusts cured.

SOME time ago a Jesse James show contracted with the opera house manager at Northfield, Minn., to put on the show. Northfield is the place where the Younger brothers of the James gang made their last grand stand play, and after the contract was made the manager of the opera house discovered that the sentiment was wrong against the play, so he cancelled the engagement. The manager of the company sued the opera house management and secured damages to the extent of \$250. The manager of the opera house should have let the play go, and if was anything like the production that occurred in this city the citizens would probably have taken the matter into their own hands and the opera house manager would have been saved all further trouble.

Another Drainage District.

Stevens Point Gazette: Petitions have been published for the formation of drainage districts in Portage, Wood and Waushara counties, the object being to drain its marsh lands, including that known as Buena Vista marsh, in this county. Some 18,000 acres of this land are owned by Mrs. Bradley, a wealthy lady of Peoria Ill., and Mr. Hammond, of the same city, who has spent more or less time in Stevens Point during the past year or two. The drainage districts in this county alone comprises 48,800 acres, and the ditches to be made will cover a distance of about 42 miles. They will be 32 feet wide at the top, slanting downward to a depth of 8 feet. The water from these ditches will run into what is known as Ten Mile creek, Buena Vista creek and Duck creek, which creeks empty into the Wisconsin river.

LANDS on this marsh, which two years ago sold at \$3.50 and less per acre, now bring from \$7 to \$8 per acre, and as soon as the drainage system is established, they will be worth several times that amount. Several Portage county farmers, as well as the Wisconsin Land & Improvement Co., of this city, own large tracts of this marsh land. The drainage taxes to be assessed upon the land when the district is finally and legally established, will be levied in such a manner that it will not prove to be a burden upon the owners, as it will be levied in annual installments. Within the next few years what has heretofore been practically a worthless tract, covering a total of nearly 100,000 acres in the three counties mentioned, except as to the hay cut thereon, will be transferred into as rich farms as can be found in the state.

School Apportionment.

SUPERintendent of Schools Harvey has reported to the secretary of state the apportionment of the school fund income among the common schools of the state. The total amount to be paid out by the state to schools this year is \$1,681,626.10 which is \$42,000 more than last year. Wood county's share will be \$52,085.65. There are about 9,000 more children of school age than a year ago. The income is raised mainly from the one-mill tax, to which is added the income on invested funds and fines in criminal cases. The latter item amounted to \$17,957.84 this year.

Unclaimed Letters.

West Side.  
List of letters unclaimed in the west side postoffice, for the week ending Dec. 23, 1902.

Decker, Hazel  
Erickson, Lily  
Frieda, John  
Grove, Mary  
Gaulke, Wm.  
Loggy, Wm.

Newman, Adolph  
Oakland, J. H.  
Ols, Fred  
Payne, E. H.  
Vervout, Albert  
Walters, Frank

Persons calling for the above named letters will please say "advertised."  
R. A. McDONALD, Postmaster.

—The following testimonial was received from Mr. John W. Young, an old soldier and highly respected citizen of Lincoln, Ill., who says: "I had a severe cough and cold and I decided to get some kind of medicine. I purchased a bottle of Hart's Honey and Marshmallows, and am pleased to say I am now well. I advise anyone suffering from throat or lung affection to use this high valuable remedy. I cannot recommend it too highly." Sold by Sam Church, druggist.

BRIEF CITY ITEMS

LITTLE FOLKS WILL BE IN IT.

Most of the Churches Will Do Some thing for the Youngsters to Give Them a Good Time.

At the Congregational church on Christmas eve there will be a good time for the little folks, members of the Sunday school, etc. There will be exercises consisting of appropriate readings and recitations, interspersed with plenty of music. Then there will be a Christmas tree with all its attendant delights and surprises. The services occur on Wednesday evening. There will also be magic lantern slides.

At the Methodist church there will also be a pleasant evening for the little ones. A Christmas tree will be one of the chief attractions, besides which there will be an interesting program, consisting of music, singing and recitations that will assist in making up the evening's pleasure. A good time in general will be the order of the evening.

At the Episcopal church there will be services as follows: Christmas eve, choral midnight mass; Christmas day, celebration of the holy Eucharist at 10 o'clock a. m. On St. John's day, Dec. 27, Holy Eucharist at 7:30 a. m. On Friday, Dec. 26th, the Holy Eucharist at 7:30 a. m., and children's festival at 7:30 in the evening, to which all are invited.

At the Catholic church there will be midnight mass, also mass at 8:30 and 10:30 on Christmas morning.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, SS.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 24th day of December, A. D. 1902.  
A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sold for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.  
Sold by druggists, price 50c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A New Remedy.

The old friends of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will be pleased to know that the manufacturers of that preparation have gotten out a new remedy called Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and that it is meeting with success in the treatment of constipation, biliousness, sick headache, impaired digestion and like disorders. These Tablets are easier to take and pleasant in effect than pills, then they not only move the bowels, but improve the appetite and correct any disorders of the stomach and liver. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

Three Royal Toasts.

The "Greville Memoirs" tells this story of King William IV. of England and the Duke of Cumberland, his brother: "During dinner loud voices were heard, which soon became more vehement. Both brothers had drunk more than usual, and the duke had lost his temper and his head. Then for the first time King William suspected the idea which from that time was never out of Duke Ernest's mind, that he ought to be the next king of England should no male children survive his brother, William IV. The duke, rising, said: 'Call in the suit. I am proposing a toast. The king's health: God save the king.' The suit came in and drank it. Then the duke said: 'May I also, sir, propose the next toast? 'Name it, your grace,' replied the king. 'The king's heir,' proudly said the duke, 'and God bless him!'

"A dead silence followed. Then the king, collecting all his energies and wits, stood up and called out, 'The king's heir: God bless her! Then, throwing the glass over his shoulder, he turned to his brother and exclaimed, 'My crown came with a lass, and my crown will go to a lass! Every one noticed that the duke did not drink the toast. He left the room abruptly.'

The Tranquil Mind.

Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines or what misfortunes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene and calm.

That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul.

It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold—yes, than even fine gold. How contemptible were money wealth looks in comparison with a serene life—a life which dwells in the ocean of truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the eternal calm!

How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their poise of character by bad blood! In fact it is a question whether the great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self control. How few people we meet in life who are well balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character!—Success.

A Simple System.

Teacher—In what year was the battle of Waterloo fought?  
Pupil—I don't know.

Teacher—It's simple enough if you only would learn how to cultivate artificial memory. Remember the twelve apostles. Add half that number to them. That's eighteen. Multiply that by 104. That's 1,872. Take the twelve months again. Add a quarter of their number to them. That's fifteen. Add what you've got. That's 1,887. That's the date. Quite simple, you see, to remember dates if you will only adopt my system.

Soon Commence Work.—It is expected by the incorporators that the factory of the Grand Rapids Wagon company will commence the manufacture of wagons by the 15th of January. The greater part of the machinery for the plant has been placed in position and the remainder will soon be in readiness. It is probable that there will be finished stock by the last of January and the company will be ready to supply the spring trade. The company will make a specialty of manufacturing wagons with iron covered hubs and those who contemplate buying anything of the sort will do well to wait until they see some of the home product as it may be just what you are looking for.

They Lost the Rubber.—Two tramps were arrested by Chief of Police Garlilee on Saturday and taken before Justice Crotteau on a charge of having stolen rubbers from the store of Spafford, Cole & Co. The justice made it ten days in the county jail, and as a consequence they are now enjoying three squares a day and are able to get along without the use of rubbers. The men were seen hiding the rubbers in the rear of Steinburg's store and the police was notified of the fact. One of the men was recognized by Officer Gibson as an old rounder who had been fired out of town once before for hanging around places where he was not wanted.

Working Improvements.—A gang of workmen are engaged in enlarging the Wisconsin Central depot so that when completed there will be a room for freight 40 feet in length. The company has been crowded for room for some time past and this will relieve the pressure. The platform on the south end of the depot will also be extended so that the passenger trains coming in from that direction will not have to run onto the street crossing when they stop, which will be quite an improvement in itself.

Worked the Same Game.—The same gang of grafters that were here getting subscriptions for the Ideal Home Journal have also been at Marshfield, where it is said they cleaned up a neat little sum by their scheme. It is understood that they discontinued operations here the day after the article appeared in the Tribune last week exposing their game. Other cities have suffered in a like manner by the scheme.

Our Shortest Days.—Sunday and Monday were the shortest days of the year, and as cloudy weather much of the time did its share toward shortening them still more, there was not a great deal of daylight left. According to the almanac winter begun on Monday, but it is evident that the clerk of the weather had been a little off in his calculations, or had neglected to secure an almanac.

Si Punkard Here.—There was not a very large crowd assembled at the opera house on Friday night to see Si Punkard. Those who did attend say that they put up a good show and that the orchestra they carried with them was first class. Their band also rendered some good music on the street, although the weather was too bad to allow them to give their parade as advertised.

Christmas Shoppers.—The streets of the city presented a busy appearance on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, when everybody for miles around seemed to be in town doing their Christmas shopping. The different merchants about town report a fairly good trade although the buying started later than usual this year.

Slippery Places.—One would have thought to see our citizens on Saturday that the great majority of them were sinners, as they seemed to be standing on slippery places. The rain of the previous night had covered every thing with a coating of ice, and most people found the middle of the road good enough for them.

Taking Their Vacation.—The city schools closed on Friday for the Christmas holidays. In many of the departments there were appropriate services and exercises to mark the event. Many of the teachers have gone to their homes for their vacation.

New Year Ball.—The west side firemen have their bills out for their annual ball which will be held on Thursday evening, January 1st. The New Monarch orchestra has been engaged to furnish the music which is a guarantee of its excellence.

Marriage Licenses.—The following marriage licenses have been issued by the county clerk: James E. Severns and Effie Turner, both of Pittsville; F. A. Soles of Chicago and Lizzie Helen Kolsta of Milladore.

Foils a Deadly Attack.

"My wife was so ill that good physicians were unable to help her," writes M. M. Austin, of Winchester, Ind., "but was completely cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills." They work wonders in stomach and liver troubles. Cures constipation, sick headache. 25c at John E. Daly's drug store.

A Million Voices.

Could hardly express the thanks of Homer Hall, of West Point, Ia. Listen why: A severe cold had settled on his lungs, causing a most obstinate cough. Several physicians said he had consumption, but could not help him. When all thought he was doomed he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and writes—"It completely cured me and saved my life. I now weigh 227 lbs." It's positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at John E. Daly's drug store.

Music Lessons.

—Helen M. Gilkey, teacher of piano, organ, mandolin and guitar. Terms: 20 lessons 45 minutes \$10. Accompanying by the hour or term. Address: First to west side. Temporarily at Mrs. Fritzinger's.

Desk Lamps.

—A Xmas present that will do for all, also fancy shades.  
C. M. Borchardt.

Mail Orders Promptly  
Attended To.

Money Always  
Cheerfully Refunded.

# JOHNSON & HILL CO.

Holiday lines, suitable for all, from the baby to the grandparent. We've provided suitable gifts for your choosing.

**Dry Goods**  
**Cloaks**  
**Carpets**  
**Rugs**

**Toy Department.**  
Toys are certainly uppermost in the children's minds nowadays and the only question is to get something they will enjoy, an easy matter if you will spend a few minutes in our toy department. There are the gay decorations for the Christmas tree—ornaments, tinsel chains and candles. Dolls of all sizes, dressed and undressed. Funny mechanical wiggling animals, iron toys, children's and doll furniture, dishes and kitchen sets, stoves, doll beds, sleds, games of all kinds, picture books and blocks. Our prices are the lowest possible on everything.

**Mens Clothing**  
**Boys Clothing**  
**Gents Furnishings**  
**Hats & Caps**  
**Trunks & Valises**

**Picture Clearing Sale**—Just now pictures are going at 25 percent discount.

**Shoes for Men**  
**Shoes for Ladies**  
**Shoes for Boys**  
**Shoes for Misses**  
**Shoes for Children**

**Low Rubbers**  
**High Top Rubbers**  
**Lumbermen's Rubbers**  
**Overshoes for Everybody**

**Fur Coats, Fur Jackets, Fur Robes, furs.**

**A big line of**  
cotton blankets,  
wool blankets,  
comforters.

See our magnificent line of Parlor Lamps, Silver and China Ware. An immense assortment of good goods and prices so low too.

All the latest and most popular books by best authors at very low prices.


Thanking you all for your liberal patronage during 1902, we wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

# JOHNSON & HILL COMPANY

Market Prices.

The following are the market prices of produce in the city of Grand Rapids corrected on the day of publication:

Potatoes, 1 bushel.....	\$.33
Wheat, No. 2, 1 bushel.....	1.50
Rye, 1 bushel.....	.40
Oats, 1 bushel.....	.31
Corn, shelled, 100 lbs.....	1.22
Hay, marsh, 1 ton.....	4.50
Hay, timothy, 1 ton.....	7.50
Eggs, per dozen.....	.25
Butter, 1 lb.....	.18 @ .23
Beans, 1 bushel.....	1.50 @ 2.00
Peas, 1 bushel.....	.70
Onions, 1 bushel.....	.35
Beef, live, 100 lbs.....	\$2.00 @ 3.00
Beef, dressed, 100 lbs.....	\$4.50 @ 5.50
Pork, live.....	5.00
Pork, dressed.....	6.50
Veal, live, 100 lbs.....	.09
Veal, dressed, 100 lbs.....	.06 @ .07
Chickens, live, 1 lb.....	.12 @ .15
Chickens, dressed, 1 lb.....	.12 @ .15
Turkeys, live, 1 lb.....	.15
Turkeys, dressed, 1 lb.....	.12 @ .15
Flour, patent, 42 lbs.....	1.20
Feed, 1 ton.....	22.50
Middlings, 1 ton.....	16.00
Brans, 1 ton.....	15.50
Polled Corn Meal, 100 lbs.....	3.50
Lard, 1 lb.....	.12
Whole Hams, 1 lb.....	.12
Mess Pork, 1 lb.....	17.00



## If I Only Had My Money Back

That's the way a man feels who buys lumber and building material that does not give satisfaction. He is disappointed and the dealer who sold him the lumber is minus a customer.

Well of course we can't suit everybody but we come mighty close to doing it and a man who buys from us once generally comes again. Why? Because he always gets full value for his money.

### Kellogg Bros. Lumber Co.

YARDS AT  
GRAND RAPIDS, NEEBOSKA, W. GRAND RAPIDS.

To cure a cold in one day.  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

—One big load of dry kindling wood delivered to any part of the city for \$1.25. BAUMER BROS. & LUMBER CO. Telephone No. 514.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. *E. W. Grove*  
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, *E. W. Grove*

Cures Grip  
in Two Days.  
on every  
box. 25c.

**FRANK A. CADY,**  
**Attorney at Law.**  
Offices in Wood Block, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin. A general law business conducted.

**REAL ESTATE MATTERS A SPECIALTY**  
If you want to sell your farm or house and lot, list it for sale with me. If you want to buy a farm, a house in the city, or wild land, let me tell you where you can do so cheapest and best. Real estate loans and investments negotiated. Defective Titles Perfected.

**GOGGINS & BRAZEAU,**  
**Attorneys at Law.**  
Office in the Mackinon Block on the West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**WHEELAN & WHEELAN,**  
**Attorneys at Law.**  
Office in the Daily Block on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**B. M. VAUGHAN,**  
**Attorney at Law.**  
Real Estate Bought and Sold on Commission, Gardner Block, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**W. J. CONWAY,**  
**Attorney at Law.**  
Offices in Court House, East Side, and Mackinon Block, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**CONWAY & JEFFREY,**  
**Attorneys at Law.**  
Law, Loans and Collections. We have \$20,000 which will be loaned at a low rate of interest. Office over First National Bank, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**GEO. H. METCALFE,**  
**Attorney at Law.**  
Office in Mackinon block on the west side, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

**DR. ROBT. F. ERLER,**  
**Dentist.**  
Teeth extracted and filled without pain. Full sets in gold and rubber plates. Office in Carverau Building on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. O. T. HOUGEN,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**  
Office over Daily's drug store on east side, Grand Rapids. Office phone No. 318, residence No. 102.

**DR. W. D. HARVIE,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**  
Specialty of eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses accurately fitted. Office over Johnson & Hill Co.'s store on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. J. J. LOOZE,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**  
Telephone No. 62. Residence telephone No. 240. Office over Wood County Drug Store on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. A. L. RIDGMAN,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**  
Telephone No. 92. Residence phone No. 23. Office over Church's Drug Store on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. F. POMAINVILLE,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**  
Telephone at office, No. 35; residence No. 218. Office in rear of Steib's Drug Store on East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. D. WATERS,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**  
Night Calls at Dixon House, telephone No. 35. Office over Church's Drug Store, telephone 182. West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. CHAS. POMAINVILLE,**  
**Dentist.**  
Telephone No. 216. Office in Pomainville Block West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. D. A. TELFER,**  
**Dentist.**  
Office over Wood County National Bank on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. F. D. HUMPHREY,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**  
Graduate Homeopathic and Allopathic Schools. Special attention given to women and children and all chronic diseases. Office over Candy Kitchen, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. A. B. CRAWFORD,**  
**Dentist.**  
High grade service at reasonable fees. Office in Reiland building on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**WANT COLUMN.**

ADVERTISEMENTS will be published in this column at the rate of 5 cents per line; no ad taken for less than 10 cents. If you want to buy, sell or trade anything, try the want column.

**MONEY TO LOAN—C. E. Boles.**

**FOR RENT—**Eight room house on east side. Inquire of Charles S. Whittlesley.

**LOST—**A black and tan Beagle hound. Answers to the name of Blencoe. Nine months old. Finder will receive suitable reward by returning dog to L. M. Nash.

**FOR SALE—**A genuine buffalo robe, extra quality. Will be sold at a bargain. Now on exhibition at American express office. For terms enquire of the agent.

**WANTED—**A housekeeper, good cook, family of five. Address Box 25 Arden, Wis.

**From an Auctioneer.**

Col. C. H. McDonald of Greenview, Ill., in a letter Jan. 1st, 1931, says: "I am an auctioneer and being often exposed to the weather, am seriously troubled by my throat becoming irritated and hoarseness following. When troubled in this way, I always use Hart's Honey and Herboland. It is the only remedy that has ever done me any good and it positively cures. Sold by Sam Church druggist."

**SHORT LOCALS**

Home is more complete with the Tribune.

A. E. Germer of Dexterville was in the city on Thursday.

E. M. Capps of Stevens Point was in town on business Friday.

S. A. Miller's celebrated Luwellsa and Dickens were at Scott's.

Dist. Atty. E. F. Kileen of Wautoma, spent Thursday eve in this city.

Will Lyons of Elroy is the guest of his mother this week on the east side.

Delicious Hot Chocolate is served at Otto's Pharmacy.

G. W. Atkins of Babcock, was a business visitor in the city on Tuesday.

Dr. A. L. Ridgman made a professional trip to Milwaukee on Thursday.

Our cut glass is honestly cut—even to the price. A. P. Hirzy.

Andy Kunteson of Dexterville was a business visitor in the city on Friday.

Wm. Wakhio, the optician, made a business trip to Marshfield the first of the week.

The largest line and finest cutting in cut glass at Scott's.

Register of Deeds E. A. Upham went to Marshfield on Monday to visit his friends.

C. A. Larson sold his house and lot on Giddings street to Mrs. Wm. Skeel on Tuesday.

Leave your order at the Candy Kitchen for ice cream.

Miss Minnie Podawiltz arrived from Duluth last week to spend the holidays with relatives.

W. H. Clairmont is now located in Escanaba, where he will probably spend the winter.

Ice cream at the candy Kitchen on Christmas day.

Mrs. John Pospisiel and Mrs. H. Healy of Arpin were in the city on Monday shopping.

Mrs. E. B. Renne went to Stevens Point on Tuesday to spend Christmas with her relatives.

John Dengler's Capital for 5 cents is a gentleman's smoke.

George H. Smith returned on Thursday last from Eagle River where he has been on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Collier came up from Nekoosa Saturday and spent Sunday with relatives.

Stop in and see the artistic line of china closets and sideboards at Geo. W. Baker & Son.

W. H. Fitch of Cranmoor, was in the city Sunday to attend the funeral of the late Nels Johnson.

Landlord G. H. Bremner of the Planters Hotel, Portage, was in the city on business Thursday.

The place to get your good ice cream is at Candy Kitchen.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Otto of Hansen were in the city on Monday, doing their Christmas shopping.

Miss Kittle Cahill is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Cahill of Vesper.

Scott's prices are certainly right.

Miss Nellie Farrell leaves today for Tomahawk where she expects to visit among friends until Sunday.

Atty. Geo. L. Williams was in the city over Sunday to attend the funeral of his friend, Nels Johnson.

Order your Ice cream from the Candy Kitchen for your Christmas dinner.

The west side Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will meet with Mrs. B. T. Worthington, Dec. 31st.

Frank Steib has been quite sick the past week with an attack of quinsy, his illness being of unusual severity.

Call and see those beautiful art squares, which are going at whole sale prices at Geo. W. Baker & Son.

James Haire of Stevens Point, representing the Metropolitan Life Insurance, was in this city on Saturday.

Our townsman, Sam Parker, has received an increase in his pension and now gets \$10 a month from Uncle Sam.

Smoke the Wineschek cigar. The best ten cent smoke on earth.

Helen, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Conway is confined to the house with an attack of scarlet fever.

Miss Laura Reeves expects to leave today for Kaukauna, where she will spend Christmas with her sister, Mrs. Solar.

The richest line of cut glass in the city is shown at W. G. Scott's.

J. M. Sanderson of the Witter House was confined to his room with a lame back two or three days the past week.

Mrs. Emil Nacht of Altdorf was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Matt Schlig a few days last week.

Dressed and sleeping dolls, separate heads, single bodies at Wood Co. Darg Company.

N. C. Jacobs of the Jacobs House, Stevens Point, and J. N. Welsby of the same place were here over night Monday.

Mrs. J. C. Hayward of Marshfield was in the city over Sunday being in attendance at the funeral of Nels Johnson.

Buy your Xmas rockers at Geo. W. Baker & Son and receive one of those handsome pictures free.

Dr. and Mrs. Ridgman and children left for Bay City, Wis., where they will visit Dr. Ridgman's father during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Whittlesley were up from Cranmoor on Sunday to attend the funeral of their friend Nels Johnson.

Electric shades. G. M. Huntington, Parisian building.

Alvin Boske, one of the solid farmers of Sigel departed on Tuesday for a short visit with relatives and friends in Milwaukee.

Commencing January 1st the E. F. U. will hold their regular meetings on the first and third Tuesday of each month.

Christmas is the time to make your wife a present. Why not buy one of those nice electric shades of G. M. Huntington from 15c up. 2t

Walter D. Corrigan, who is well known in this city, has been appointed by Attorney General-elect Sturdevant as his assistant.

Lieut. A. F. Perry received a telegram Wednesday announcing the birth of a daughter at his home in Stratford, Canada.

Come and see my beautiful rings and brooches in diamonds, pearls, opals, rubies, etc., and prices to please you at Scott's.

Miss Agnes Mulroy, who is teaching near Hortonville, is home to spend the holidays with her parents at the Commercial House.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Love of Sioux City, Iowa, were in the city over Sunday to attend the funeral of their old friend, Nels Johnson.

Scott has a lovely display of table silver and silver plated ware in the best makes.

Sidney Denis, who has been attending a college of pharmacy in Chicago, returned home on Friday to spend the holidays with his parents.

George Mineham expects to leave today for Dubuque, Ia., to spend Christmas with a sister whom he has not seen for thirty-eight years.

A beautiful pastel goes with every purchase made at Geo. W. Baker & Son.

George Pomainville, who is studying medicine in Milwaukee, arrived home on Saturday to spend the Christmas holidays with his relatives.

Senator and Mrs. W. S. Buckley and children of Telluride, Col., are in the city and expect to spend the holidays among friends and relatives.

Christmas presents purchased at W. G. Scott's engraved free.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Havenor and two younger daughters Koella and Ruth left on Wednesday for Waupaca to spend Christmas among relatives.

Lieut. A. F. Perry and Chas. Podawiltz left on the early train over the C. & N. W. for Stratford, Canada, on Wednesday morning to spend Xmas.

Go and see the little Elf, Four Naught and Four Hundred sizes in ladies watches at Scott's. To see them is to want them.

Charles Wasser came home from Fond du Lac on Saturday and spent Sunday with his mother. Charley is now braving on the North Western road.

Mrs. J. J. Gokey, of Dawson, N. D., arrived in the city Monday and expects to visit for several weeks at the home of her father, Fred Horton at Biron.

I'll brave the storms of Chilkoot Pass, I'll cross the plains of frozen glass, I'll leave my wife and cross the sea, Rather than be without Rocky Mountain Tea.

Johnson & Hill Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fritz left yesterday for Freedom, where they will spend Christmas with their daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Helmich.

Mrs. A. M. Muir and children, Kirk, Edna and Jeanette expect to leave tomorrow for Winona to spend several days visiting with friends and relatives.

Styles to satisfy everybody in electric shades. G. M. Huntington, Parisian building. 2t

John Galligan and Louis Koehn of Nekoosa and John J. Conway of Orient S. D., were initiated into the mysteries of the Elks lodge on Tuesday evening.

Miss Lena Budreau, who is taking a course in short hand at the sisters' school, left for her home at Tomahawk on Friday to spend the holidays with her folks.

Don't forget to purchase one of those National Ball Bearing Carpet sweepers and receive a toy one for the children. Sold at Baker & Son.

Our old friend "Stovey" Norton oozed into town on Saturday, after having spent the past summer at Mosinee. Stovey reports a lucrative business while away.

Mrs. N. R. Vanderbrook of Green Bay is spending the holidays with her husband at the Wisconsin House. Mr. Vanderbrook is the fireman on the Nekoosa branch of the North-Western.

I have the ladies delight in neck chains and large lockets. I engrave them for you free. See them at Scott's.

Assemblyman Frank A. Cady and family have removed into their new residence on the corner of Oak and Milwaukee streets. The structure is thoroughly up to date and is pleasantly situated for a home.

Chas. Natwick of Hansen was in the city on Monday on business. While here Charlie engaged the Monarch orchestra to play for the annual ball of the Masonic lodge of Pittsville which will be held in the near future.

Engagements sealed with our solitaires are rarely sundered. Better try the combination. A. P. Hirzy.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Bisbee were in the city several days the fore part of the week. Mr. Bisbee was formerly a resident of this city and is well known here by many of the older residents. Mr. and Mrs. Bisbee left on Tuesday for Ashland.

Miss Grace Getts has been engaged during the past week in making burnt wood productions at Otto's pharmacy and many of her creations are of a pleasing and artistic nature. It is quite an interesting thing to watch the work in progress.

From 2 to 5 dollars may be saved on every bedroom suit purchased at Geo. W. Baker & Son.

It is estimated that at the last election 25,000 women availed themselves of their opportunity of voting for state superintendent of public instruction. An analysis of the vote shows that a large majority of the ladies voted for Karl Matthe.

The Offelle & Steadall Land company of Pittsville closed a deal last week for all the lands in four townships, Rock, Wood, and Hansen and part of Dexter, formerly owned by the Hiles Land and Lumber company. The deal amounts to a sum exceeding \$200,000.

Miss Edith Braderlie is prepared to give music lessons on piano or organ. Three hour lessons at \$1 each. Miss Braderlie is well versed in music and her scholars never fail to make phenomenal progress.

Miss Lillie A. Lemley, who recently graduated from the Stevens Point Business college, is now employed as regular substitute in the city schools and when not engaged in teaching acts as private secretary and stenographer for Supt. Vert. Stevens Point Journal.

A maiden fair with sun-kissed hair, came tripping down the street; her face serene, her age 16—gee whiz, but she was sweet. On the sidewalk slick she came down quick with a jolt that shook her curls, but the words she used must be excused—for she's one of the nicest girls.

Scott, the watch inspector for the railroads here, has all the high grade watches such as the Official Railroad watch, the Ball standard, Hamilton, Elgin and Waltham.

Jos. M. Okoneski, who is traveling for the Arpin Lumber company, was in the city over Sunday to spend the day with his wife. While on his way home he stopped at Milwaukee to witness the production of Ben Hur, which he describes as being well worth the time spent.

Charles Dougharty returned from Iowa Saturday where he had been the past six weeks engaged in putting an electric light plant in the factory of the Stevens Table company. The work consisted in setting up a dynamo and putting in 100 lights and getting the entire plant in working order.

Don't buy a diamond until you see the large stock Hirzy has to select from. He is selling them at a very close margin.

Dr. W. D. Harvie has removed his office to the east side and now occupies pleasant rooms in the Pomainville block over Cohen's store. His quarters on the west side were so small that it was very inconvenient at times, and as they could not be enlarged in any way he was compelled to make a change.

M. A. Bogoger is in Merrill this week on business. Mr. Bogoger has entered into a partnership with M. D. L. O'Rourke of that city to carry on a general store business and it is expected that the business will be opened up on or about the first of January. While we are sorry to have Mr. Bogoger leave us we wish him unlimited success in his new field.

Great tonic, braces body and brain, drives away all impurities from your system. Makes you well. Keeps you well. Rocky Mountain Tea. 35c. Johnson & Hill Co.

Walter Denis, who has been in the west since last spring, returned home on Friday to visit with his parents and other friends for a time. Walter went from here to Idaho but has also been in the state of Washington. Although a position awaits his return to the latter state, he has not decided whether he will go back there or make his home here in the future.

Attorney T. W. Brazean was in Necedah on Friday, where he officiated in the capacity of one of the judges in a debate between the New Lisbon and Necedah high schools. The decision was in favor of New Lisbon. Mr. Brazean was also in Milwaukee last Wednesday, where he attended the production of Ben Hur, which he reports to be fully up to the claims made for it.

It excites the wonder of the world, a magic remedy, liquid electricity, that drives away suffering and disease. Rocky Mountain Tea. 35c. Johnson & Hill Co.

Stevens Point Gazette: A wedding that was witnessed by a large number of relatives and several other friends took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Lutz, on Elk street, at two o'clock this afternoon, when their youngest daughter, Miss Lena Lutz, was united in marriage to George D. Oertel. The bridesmaids were Miss Emma Lutz of Grand Rapids and Miss Edith Dauper, and the groomsmen John Oertel and Robt. Lutz. Rev. A. G. Wagner, pastor of the Friedens church, performed the ceremony.

**CHRISTMAS IS HERE**

and what have you done for the folks back East? You want to remember them in some way. If times don't justify you in sending them a ten-dollar bill or a piece of silverware, or a dozen silk handkerchiefs, let us make a suggestion. Suppose you send them this paper for a year. It will be better than a long letter every week. They'll know you are well and will be kept posted about you. It will delight them more than anything you could send, and will only cost a

**DOLLAR HALF**

**NEW LINE OF SUITINGS JUST ARRIVED!**

It won't cost you a cent to look at them and you may find what you want.

**EDW. KOSTKA, TAILOR.**

M. J. Slattery's Old Stand. East Side, Grand Rapids.

**CENTRALIA HARDWARE COMPANY**

DEALERS IN

**SLEIGHS and CUTTERS**

Just received a carload of the latest designs in sleighs and cutters which as usual will be sold at a very close margin. Hand sleighs, Boys, and Girls' Skates, Ladies' and Gents' Skates, a full line of goods of this character.

Heating and Cook Stoves; the kind that save wood, the kind you want.

Centralia Hardware Company, WEST SIDE, - - GRAND RAPIDS.

**Remember Your Friends.**

The most appropriate way of showing your friendship is to give them a useful Christmas gift. We have a line of goods that are acceptable to all, both rich and poor.

**Bedroom Suits, Fine Couches, Davenport Morris Chairs, Upholstered and Plain Rockers, Chiffoneers**

And many other things that are calculated to make a housekeeper happy.

**J. W. NATWICK, Undertaking and Embalming.**

**WINCHESTER FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS "New Rival" "Leader" "Repeater"**

If you are looking for reliable shotgun ammunition, the kind that shoots where you point your gun, buy Winchester Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells: "New Rival," loaded with Black powder; "Leader" and "Repeater," loaded with Smokeless. Insist upon having Winchester Factory Loaded Shells, and accept no others. ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM



**Saved at Grave's Briak.**  
"I know I would long ago have been in my grave," writes Mrs. S. H. Newsom, of Decatur, Ala. "If it had not been for Electric Bitters. For three years I suffered untold agony from the worst forms of indigestion, Waterbrash, Stomach and Bowel Dyspepsia. But this excellent medicine did a world of good. Since using it I can eat heartily and have gained 35 pounds." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles Electric Bitters are a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at John E. Daly's drug store.

**Notice.**  
Farmers wishing to grow cucumber pickles for season of 1905 may send address to the undersigned and the agent will call on you.  
ALBERT MCGUIRE,  
F. H. WITTEK, Agt.

—Just received, a carload of sleighs and cutters. All styles and all prices at Central Hardware company.

**WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.**

	South Bound	North Bound
Marshallfield	7:30 P. M.	10:15 A. M.
Arpho	7:55 P. M.	10:40 A. M.
Vesper	8:30 P. M.	11:15 A. M.
Grand Rapids	8:50 P. M.	11:35 A. M.
Port Edwards	9:10 P. M.	11:55 A. M.
Nekoosa	9:30 P. M.	12:15 P. M.
Minneapolis	10:00 P. M.	12:45 P. M.
St. Paul	10:30 P. M.	1:15 P. M.
Chippewa Falls	11:00 P. M.	1:45 P. M.
Marshallfield	11:30 P. M.	2:15 P. M.
Grand Rapids	12:00 A. M.	2:45 P. M.
Ashtabula	12:30 A. M.	3:15 P. M.
Duluth	1:00 A. M.	3:45 P. M.

Tickets sold and baggage checked to all principal points in the United States and Canada. For rates and other information apply at the ticket office.  
C. W. HOBBS, Agent.

**NORTHWESTERN LINE.**

	South Bound	North Bound
Chicago	7:30 P. M.	10:15 A. M.
Milwaukee	7:55 P. M.	10:40 A. M.
Fond du Lac	8:30 P. M.	11:15 A. M.
Red Granite	8:50 P. M.	11:35 A. M.
Spring Lake	9:10 P. M.	11:55 A. M.
Red Granite	9:30 P. M.	12:15 P. M.
Red Granite	9:50 P. M.	12:35 P. M.
Wauwatosa	10:10 P. M.	12:55 P. M.
Waukegan	10:30 P. M.	1:15 P. M.
Alton	10:50 P. M.	1:35 P. M.
Bureau	11:10 P. M.	1:55 P. M.
Kenosha	11:30 P. M.	2:15 P. M.
Grand Rapids	11:50 P. M.	2:35 P. M.
Vesper	12:10 A. M.	2:55 P. M.
Arpho	12:30 A. M.	3:15 P. M.
Marshallfield	12:50 A. M.	3:35 P. M.

All trains daily except Sunday.  
J. C. WILLARD, Agent.

**C. M. & St. P. R.**

**TRAINS NORTH.**

No. 3, Passenger, daily except Sunday	7:30 A. M.
No. 5, " " " " " " " " " " " "	9:30 A. M.
No. 25, " " " " " " " " " " " "	11:30 A. M.
No. 63, way frt daily except Sunday	10:30 A. M.

**TRAINS SOUTH.**

No. 2, Passenger, daily	9:40 P. M.
No. 6, " " " " " " " " " " " "	12:30 P. M.
No. 22, way frt daily except Sunday	2:15 P. M.
No. 2, Passenger, daily	9:40 P. M.

All passenger trains make close connections at New Lisbon east and west.  
L. M. SCHLATTERER, Agent.

**G. B. & W. R. R. Co.**

No. 1, Passenger, going West leave	11:33 A. M.
No. 7, " " " " " " " " " " " "	9:30 P. M.
No. 9, Freight, " " " " " " " " " " " "	4:10 A. M.
No. 7, " " " " " " " " " " " "	7:30 P. M.
No. 4, Passenger, going East leave	6:40 A. M.
No. 2, " " " " " " " " " " " "	2:42 P. M.
No. 8, Freight, " " " " " " " " " " " "	5:00 A. M.
No. 10, " " " " " " " " " " " "	6:15 P. M.

V. W. MULLER, Agent.

**CITY MEAT MARKET!**  
Fresh, Salt and Smoked MEATS.  
All kinds of Fish, Poultry and Sausages. Cash paid for Hides and Pelts. Prompt delivery of orders, wholesale and retail.  
**N. REILAND,**  
TEL. 275. EAST SIDE.  
GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

**The REGINA Music Box**



The Sweetest Toned Music Box Made. Changeable Tunes Costing the same as Sheet Music, and Thousands of Tunes to Select from. Fully Guaranteed and Sold on Easy Payments.  
**BY A. P. HIRZY**  
The East Side Jeweler, Near the Bridge.

**NESTING WOOD DUCKS.**

The Township Period Is Followed by a Very Pleasant Married Life.

When a pair of wood ducks and water and a hollow tree to suit. Little time is lost in preparing the nest. This task and the covering of the eggs are performed by the female. For the best of my knowledge, the male does little more than sit around on handy limbs and look pretty. During the period of nest building and while the duck is laying he is the beau ideal of a handsome and loving cavalier, ever attentive and seemingly most anxious as to her whereabouts should she happen to get out of his sight. But with the waning of the honeymoon he seems to feel rather bored with the whole business, and gradually he gets clubby—I, wanders from his own fireside and hunts up another drake or two to help him loaf away the summer. The busy little duck keeps her own counsel and "sits tight" on the dozen or more highly polished ivorylike eggs crowded together in a bed of soft decayed wood and down from her breast.

Quite frequently the nest is at the bottom of a hollow several feet deep, and no doubt the strong, hooked claws of the wood duck are a special provision for the oft repeated climbing out of the hollow.—Edwyn Sandys in Outlook.

**Faithful to the Last.**  
In many Scotch families the old manservant is a permanent institution. He enters the service of a family when he is a boy, sticks to his place and resigns only when the infirmities of age are upon him. Naturally he grows in time to claim as rights what were at first granted him as favors and if he is opposed asserts himself with a spirit of independence. An English paper tells a story illustrative of this.

A lady's coachman, a crusty old fellow, who had been in the service of the family in her father's time, gave her great trouble and annoyance on several occasions by not carrying out her instructions. At length his conduct became unbearable, and she determined to dismiss him. Calling him into her presence, she said with as much asperity as she could command:

"I cannot stand this any longer, John. You must look out for another situation. You will leave my service at the end of the month."

The old servant looked at her in amazement for a minute, and then the characteristic "loyalty" came to the surface.

"Na, na, my lady," he said. "I drove you to the kirk to be baptized, I drove you to your marriage, and I'll stay to drive you to your funeral."

**A School of Poisoners.**  
A merciless school of poisoners once flourished in Venice. During the fifteenth century even the government of the state used poison without any disguise as a weapon. A body called "the council of ten" was appointed to determine who should be dispatched, and they dealt with the lives of princes, kings and popes as one would deal with superstitious trees in a wood. A curious document is still extant in which the proceedings of this council are recorded. It shows that one John of Ragusa prepared a selection of poisons and scale of fees. The fee varied with the importance of the victim and the length of the journey to be made for his dispatch. For poisoning the Duke of Milan he charged 60 ducats, for the pope 100 ducats, for the king of Spain 150 ducats, for the "great sultan" 500 ducats.

**The Other Side.**  
An author who illustrates his own novels has submitted to an interview.

"You find that it pays, don't you?"  
"You bet—in lots of ways. For instance, I get paid for the story?"  
"Yes."

"Then the illustrations of the author of a book are worth double those of the ordinary artists?"  
"Of course."

"Then some fool of a rich fellow comes along and offers a fabulous sum for the original drawings and wants an introduction to you and invites you to dine with him, and your fortune is made and your future is safe! It's a great scheme, I tell you, and authors are fools who don't make the most of it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**The Choice of a Husband.**  
"What a lucky girl you are, Liddy, to be able to choose between two such handsome and stylish young gentlemen? Have you made up your mind which is to be your husband?"  
"To tell the truth, I'm in a bit of a fix. If I desire to wear my cream colored dress at the wedding, I shall take Alphonse, as he is dark complexioned, you know; but if I decide to go in my blue dress I rather think fair Joseph will make the better match of the two."

**Pierce Indeed.**  
"Now, then, children," said the teacher, who had been commenting upon polar expeditions, "who can tell me what fierce animals inhabit the regions of the north pole?"  
"Polaris!" shouted the boy at the foot of the class.—Philadelphia Press.

**To Get a Divorce.**  
When "love, cherish and obey" and "sickness, poverty and death" are left out of the marriage ritual, what do the happy pair "promise" themselves—merely to keep the peace?—Boston Herald.

**Feed Him.**  
If you want to win the gratitude of a dog, feed him. As to men, the material difference is the quality of the food.—Baltimore News.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.—Charles Lamb.

**The New Guessing Contest.**

The Milwaukee Sentinel will give away \$10,000 in cash, in a grand Guessing Contest, to readers of the Sunday Sentinel. You are invited to guess on the total number of copies of the Sunday Sentinel printed and circulated for ten Sundays beginning Dec. 7th and ending Feb. 8th inclusive. A coupon is printed in the upper right hand corner of the first page of every copy of the Sunday Sentinel, on which you are to write your name and your address and estimate of the total number of copies of the Sunday Sentinel printed during the period above stated. Each coupon entitles you to one guess, so that if you are a regular reader of the Sunday Sentinel, you will be entitled to ten guesses during the ten weeks of this contest. The last estimate must reach the Sentinel office not later than midnight, Feb. 13th, when the contest closes. The first prize is \$500, second prize, \$100, third prize, \$50 and there are a number of smaller prizes ranging from \$1.00 to \$25.00 each. A special prize of \$5.00 will be paid to the person estimating the exact number of Sunday Sentinels printed and circulated for the period of ten weeks.

For further information read the advertisement in the Sentinel daily or write Circulation Department, Sentinel Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

**COUGHS AND COLDS IN CHILDREN.**

Recommendation of a Well Known Chicago Physician.

I use and prescribe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for almost all obstinate, contracted coughs, with direct results. I prescribe it to children of all ages. Am glad to recommend it to all in need and seeking relief from colds and coughs and bronchial affections. It is non-narcotic and safe in the hands of the most unprofessional. A universal panacea for all mankind.—Mrs. Mary R. Meleady, M. D., Ph. D., Chicago, Ill. This remedy is for sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

**Office Calendars.**

A very convenient calendar has been issued by the Chicago Daily News Co. for the year 1905. The figures are large and easily distinguished, the days of the months and the consecutive day of the year are both shown; and the publication is of that solid and creditable sort which makes it also a valuable sort of a memorandum. Sent four cents in postage to W. B. Kiskern, Passenger Traffic Manager, 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

**To Get Rid of a Troublesome Corn.**

First soak it in warm water to soften it, then pare it down closely as possible without drawing blood and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily; rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn blaster should be worn to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequaled. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood Co Drug Co.

**Painless Dentistry**

Does not equal a painless laxative. Mr. C. L. Hizer, of Lincoln, Ill., says: "I have been a sufferer from constipation for the past twelve years, with severe gripping pains in my bowels nearly every day. Since I began taking Re-Go Tonic Laxative Syrup my bowels have moved freely without gripping. It is certainly a wonderful laxative. Sold by Sam Church, druggist."

**Mr. and Mrs. Peter Born of Waukesha**

were granted a divorce last week, after having been married nearly fifty years.

**Shot-Gun Prescriptions**  
We suppose we are not revealing any trade secrets when we say that many medicines are made up on the principle of the so-called "shot-gun prescriptions" which were formerly somewhat in vogue. The idea of the shot-gun prescriptions was to put into a medicine a large number of different drugs, each useful for different purposes, in the hope that some of them might hit the case. The most successful physicians we know use a more direct method. The medicine we sell over our own name and guarantee does the same. This medicine is called Vinol. It is the best thing we know for a run-down condition, for nerve troubles, for lung troubles, for weak women, pale children, and old people—in fact, it is a safe, pleasant, reliable tonic and reconstructant. It is not a scattering "shot-gun prescription," but it goes straight to the mark, and has cured so many people right here in town, that it gives us confidence to sell it on an absolute guarantee, as follows: If you use a bottle and it does not help you, we'll give you your money back without a word of complaint. We could not afford to guarantee it so boldly if we had not seen it succeed in ninety-eight out of every one hundred cases.

**For Sale by J. E. DALY**

**FILIPINO FUNERALS.**

Pictureque For the Rich and Pa-thetic For the Poor.

One of the most striking things to be seen on the streets of Manila is a Filipino funeral. If the deceased was wealthy and had hosts of friends, the funeral will be headed by a band playing selections from comic operas. The body of the deceased follows in a hearse covered with black cloth arranged in a gawsome design and drawn by six black ponies, each bedecked with headgear of long black feathers. The hearse will be followed by men on foot wearing knickerbockers and cocked hats, and after them follow innumerable vehicles of every description. If the body is to be interred, the gravediggers will precede the band, with their tools over their shoulders.

Most Filipino funerals, however, are more pathetic. The father of a few weeks old baby will trot out to the cemetery entirely alone, with the little white coffin balanced well on his head, and if a man had not the price of a vehicle his remains will be carried out on bamboo poles by four Chinamen, and the coffin will be one that has seen service before.

The natives have different ways of burial. Some bodies are put into the ground, while the larger majority are placed in niches in the wall of the cemetery. A slab cemented into the opening of the niche contains a brief biography of the deceased.

**Some Survivals of Fashion.**

Man is unquestionably a highly rational being. Still, if you travel and observe, from the mouth of the Danube to the Golden Gate you will find most men wearing a coat with a useless collar marked with a useless V shaped slash and decorated with two useless buttons at the small of the back and one or two more useless buttons at the cuffs. The collar, the slash and the buttons are there in answer to no rational need. It is not a common climate nor a common racial need of protection against climate that they represent, but a common civilization whose form and ritual they mutely confess. Over this entire area those who aspire to be of the Brahman caste deck their heads for wedding, funeral and feast with a black cylindrical covering, sullied, so far as we can discern, neither to avert the weapon of the adversary or the dart of the rain nor to provide a seat whereon man may sit and rest himself. And as for the women contained within this same area we behold that the amplitude of the sleeve, the disposition of the belt and the outline of the skirt all obey the rise and fall of one resistless tide which neither moon nor seasons control.—Benjamin Ide Wheeler in Atlantic.

**The Certainty of Fate.**

The Mohammedans have a fable which they repeat to illustrate the certainty of fate. The Philadelphia Times quotes it as having been told by Mr. Robert Barr, the celebrated novelist.

A sultan was once asked by his favorite, the grand vizier, for permission to leave at once for Smyrna, although a brilliant court fete was then in progress. Upon being asked his reason for such haste the vizier replied:

"Because I just saw the angel of death yonder in the crowd. He looked at me so earnestly that I know he has come for me. I wish to escape him."

"Go! Go at once!" said the sultan, who then beckoned to the angel and asked why the latter had looked so earnestly at the vizier.

"I was wondering," replied the angel of death, "why he was here, for I have orders to kill him in Smyrna."

**Nelson's Only Defeat.**

Nelson, like all the greatest commanders on sea or land, made his mistakes and his failures, but there is only one instance on record of his having been actually defeated in a direct attack. This occurred at Santa Cruz, in the Canary islands, on July 24, 1797. The place was very strongly fortified, and Nelson, in the face of a fire of fifty guns from the batteries, attempted to storm the town by boats. The attempt was frustrated by the strength of the mole and the nonappearance of a land force which should have co-operated. A hundred and fifty men were killed and a hundred wounded on the British side, and Nelson lost his right arm. Two flags were also captured, and these are still kept in the cathedral of Santa Cruz.

**The Scotch Sunday.**

As an instance of the observance of the Sabbath in Scotland, an English paper tells of a postman having a route between Stirling and Blairdrummond. He was observed to ride a bicycle over his six miles on weekdays and to walk the same distance on Sunday, and when asked why he replied that he was not allowed to use the machine on Sunday. An investigation followed, and the postman's explanation proved to be correct.

**The Poet Turned.**

Office Boy—I told that poet wot called dat you wuz out of town.  
Editor—Good! What did he say?  
Office Boy—He said he thought he noticed an improvement in de paper.—New York Journal.

**Uncertain.**

"He's a queer chap."  
"Yes. Just now he was saying that nothing was certain in this world but the uncertainty of things, and you couldn't bank on that!"—Detroit Free Press.

**Justifiable.**

"Johnson writes that he's just killed the hero in his new novel."  
"Well, he needn't worry over that; any jury will acquit him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**WE ARE NOW SELLING OUT**

Our store in the Freeman building has been sold and we have to vacate the building soon. We cannot move the stock into any other store as we are well crowded with goods as it is. In order to make room and save expenses for storage we will offer our entire stock regardless of cost and

**BELOW COST.**

We invite the public to come and examine the goods and the prices. It is not the profit we are after but it is to make room for the stock we have in the Freeman building. Not expecting that the building will be sold we bought heavily and have a large stock on hand. Below we give you a partial list of what we have to offer:

**Men's Boys' and Children's Clothing, Ladies', Gents and Children's Underwear, Table Linen, Toweling, Ladies', Men's and Children's Shoes and Rubbers, Millinery, Hats and Caps, Gloves and Mittens, Ready-made Skirts and Wrappers, Crockery, Lamps, Toys, Handkerchiefs, Laces, Embroidery, Trunks, Valises and Groceries.**

**R. M. LEVIN,**

EAST SIDE, first building north of Stamm's Barber Shop.

**XMAS BARGAINS!!**

We will offer many bargains during the few days left before Xmas. Below are a few items.

Copyright books, regular price \$1.50, our price \$1.25	Whittier, Goethe, and many others, regular price \$1.00 our price.....47c
Padded Poets, regular price \$1.25, our price...90c	Good cloth bound poems regular price 50c, our price.....37c
A good substantial book of poems with elegant cover design and gilt tops in following titles: Hiawatha, In Memoriam, Marmion, Lucile, Lalla Rookh, Pope, Shelley, Tennyson, Byron, Milton, Scott, Coleridge,	Handy volume Classics beautiful floral designs, 25c value at 17c, 3 for 50

You will find bargains in everything we sell for the holidays. Don't forget that we will give a beautiful Sachet Doily FREE with a 50c purchase or over of perfume until after Xmas. We invite you to call and examine goods whether you purchase or not, and assure you courteous attention.

**OTTO'S PHARMACY**  
211 Cranberry St., Grand Rapids, Wis.

**VICTORIA, DEWEY, SUNBEAM**

<b>A WISE WOMAN</b> Knows that one of the first requisites in making good flour is to have first-class flour, and she will generally have it if it is obtainable.	<b>A WISE MAN</b> Will always see to it that his wife has good flour and to make sure the matter he will get VICTORIA, DEWEY or SUNBEAM.
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**GRAND RAPIDS MILLING CO**

# EYES TO the... BLIND

By HOWARD FIELDING

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THE Lady Helena took the little Bible out of the box and surveyed it with a gaze that saw far more than the quaint old volume.

"It is atrocious," she whispered, "that I should not have known it was here."

Upon that book she had made two vows, the first quite ordinary, the second most unusual, even unique. Before God and her earthly sovereign, the king, she had made both the vows, the first in the presence of many, when an archbishop held that copy of the word and Helena became Sir Frederick Komble's wife; the second with but two to hear and but one to see the solemn promise sealed upon the book. Three years lay between the vows—three years of happiness and one of great sorrow.

"If I did not trust you fully," the king had said to her upon the occasion of the second promise, "Sir Frederick's misfortune would mark the end of his most highly valued service unless, indeed, his sight should be restored, as I devoutly hope. It is without precedent that a man lacking eyes of his own should be a cabinet minister. But you shall be his eyes. Swear to me upon this book, which you especially revere and in the presence of that King before whom I am no more than the dust to which my body shall return, that you will faithfully sustain this duty, divulging nothing of all that you shall see, adding nothing thereto, omitting not one word therefrom, as your husband shall command you to read."

And Helena had knelt to heaven and the king and had kissed the book with all sincerity, her husband kissing her most affectionately as she arose.

It was not an occasion likely to slip one's mind, this secret, solemn ceremonial. Helena marveled that she could have forgotten where the old Bible had been put away, yet she had come upon it quite by chance.

"I wish it were more to me," she thought, "I have no effective religion. Let me be frank with myself. An oath means nothing to me. What will the world do when all shall be as I am? Truly I believe that there is a need of something sacred."

The sound of chords came softly into the room. Eunice, Sir Frederick's sister, was playing upon a little pipe organ, a church organ in miniature and of a very sweet tone, that had been built into her apartments.

"She believes everything without possibility of question," said Helena. "Had she been sworn as I was her wish to do right would have been backed by all the terrors of the infinite. Would the public business be safer if she were Frederick's eyes? Upon my soul, I think it would be. Yet she is not so honest as I am. I would not trust her unsworn. Frederick has too much sense of honor. It exhausted the supply of the family. However, that is not the point. If I were like her, I should have a refuge and a fortress. I should not now be verging toward deadly peril."

She took up the Bible again, held it in her two hands and counterfeited reverence until she felt some touch of the reality. The fancy came to her that the book should be in the official workshop, and thus she was reminded that her husband must already be awaiting her there, having dismissed his doctors.

In the east corridor below she encountered Eunice, who greeted her



"IS THAT ALL?"

with scant cordiality, eyeing the book in her hand. At that moment Henry Hallam, secretary to Sir Frederick, was entering the small room intervening between the corridor and the study. He passed in before Helena, not seeing her until she had come into the ante-chamber. Then he made his customary salutations of the morning and offered an envelope which he had just taken from his desk.

"How did this come?" asked Helena. "It was delivered by M. d'Epinay," replied Hallam. "Waldron—the door-keeper of the east wing—seems to me to have been at fault in laying it upon my desk instead of giving it into my hands or Sir Frederick's."

Louis Sylvestre d'Epinay, attache of the French embassy—for some mysterious reason the man's full name and

present title passed through Helena's mind. "I will take charge of this," said she, glancing at the envelope, upon which might be seen a faint mark at the close of the address.

The heavy door that had stood ajar between the anteroom and the study opened slowly, and Sir Frederick appeared. He had not acquired the manner of the blind. He stood in the doorway graceful and at ease, totally without that visible and pitiable trepidation characterizing the sightless. Only the great black shades by which his eyes were shielded from all light made obvious his infirmity. He was erect as ever and seemed strong, but his face had taken on a pallor, steadily increasing, and his hair had grown quite gray. Sometimes it had seemed to Helena that the worst of his affliction was that he had grown so old, and she with him, in spirit at least. She was one who loved youth. She should not yet have been at the end of it, and he, though nearly fifty, had seemed young until darkness had begun to wither him. It was that which had put her heart to flight away from him—the fear of age.

Sir Frederick had great facility in finding his way without light. He could walk confidently throughout the great house, and, observing the readiness of his movements, it was sometimes impossible to realize that he was blind. He came forward without hesitation and took Helena's right hand, which he raised to his lips. She had shifted the envelope to her left hand, and she must have put some pressure upon it, for the heavy seal of wax fell to the floor. It may have been dislodged by contact with the rough cover of the volume which Helena also held. The blind man, seeking both his wife's hands, felt the book and asked what it was. Being informed, he seemed pleased, even quite deeply touched.

There was an interval of silence, and then Sir Frederick, conscious of Hallam's presence, turned his mind upon the business of the day.

"Is there any word from the French-

men?" he asked. "I fancied that I heard you speak of d'Epinay."

"I have a message from the embas-

sy," said Helena, and at that Sir Frederick stood back from the door, inclining his head with homage fit to touch one's heart as the dainty rustling of his wife's garments and the faint, exquisite fragrance of her hair passed before him through the dark.

"Let's begin with monsieur Faubas-

sacré," said Sir Frederick. "I think his communication cannot be of much importance—a nicty of diplomatic evasion, I've no doubt."

"Evasion!" echoed Helena softly. "The easy refuge of dishonesty."

He inclined his head, smiling, and then:

"Read it, dearest," he said.

Helena drew forth the contents of the envelope, consisting of the usual fine parchment paper sheet and one small slip adhering so gently to the other that it could be pulled away and leave no perceptible mark. Then she began to read the ambassador's note, omitting not a syllable of the fantastic courtesies of diplomacy, and so on to the body of the document, wherein the writer begged to reply to the most highly valued communication, etc., and did reply, with nothing in particular very finely expressed.

"Is that all?" asked Sir Frederick. "Well, we could have written it ourselves, couldn't we?"

Was it possible that the clock which ticked so loudly was a very small one at the far end of this long room? Why did Helena hear Eunice's voice so plainly in the anteroom? She could not remember ever before to have heard articulate words through that heavy door, yet there was no indication that Eunice was speaking loudly. It must be that there was a peculiar quality of stillness at the moment.

"I wish to see my brother directly he is at liberty," said Eunice.

Helena looked at her husband keenly. It is hard to read a face when the eyes are covered, yet Helena was as sure as of her own existence that Sir Frederick suspected nothing, that he never would know that his question—"Is that all?"—had been a mere form of words.

What is a vow? To the superstitious it may be much—to Eunice, perhaps, a compelling force having its spring in selfishness and fear. But when one is free from all that? Why act against one's own interests without a motive, without a reward?

It was a moment when the forces at war within her arrayed themselves sharply upon opposite sides. She had wished to live, really to live. She had coveted her youth and the natural rewards of her beauty. She had wished for eyes that could see her, for living admiration, not mere memory.

Her husband's hopeless affliction had weighed upon her intolerably. She had felt a panic terror of it, an almost uncontrollable desire for flight. It had seemed to her in certain hours of rebellion that her hair was whitening in a dungeon. Yet all she had craved was a very little life, a breath of freedom, a momentary total contrast.

She had met a young, handsome, ardent man. He possessed certain sharply attractive qualities, and her imagination had endowed him with many others. To this latter fact she had never been blind. M. d'Epinay was merely a personification of her frenzied protest against destiny. She had permitted herself in regard to him a certain mental indulgence, never passing beyond the sin of wishing to enjoy his homage, which in some mysterious way seemed to unite her to her youth.

It was all a matter of a few weeks; all intangible, without definite value. And now for this vain dream she must lose her most precious realities, her husband's perfect trust, her own part in his brave and useful work, for he would never trust her again. She looked at him, and suddenly her heart returned to its allegiance. In that mo-

ment she prized him dearly. He was all that he had ever been to her.

And there was no real need to lose his love and his respect. Why keep a promise at so great expense? To his question "Is that all?" she might answer "Yes," and that would be the end. But she would have said herself, "No," she said steadily, "it is not all. There is more."

"More?" he queried, surprised. "What I shall read," she continued, "is from M. d'Epinay under the same cover, and therefore yours. Listen."

So Helena read, knowing little more than he of what the words would be, surprised and angry at the banality and insolence of it. Thus:

"I must see you. You have denied me the light of your countenance in these last few days, but I am strong in hope. This afternoon at Lady Marville's we shall have ten minutes, perhaps more, if the fates are kind. You will not fail me. I read this by our private post, uniquely safe."

Helena looked up, having reached the end.

"There is no more," she said. "Absurd and common! I have given him no right!"

Sir Frederick raised his hand. "I am quite content," he said simply. But she would not be restrained. She told her story with such exactitude as



"I MUST SPEAK TO YOU," SHE WHISPERED.

she had shown in reading the empty phrases of diplomatic correspondence. And when thus told M. d'Epinay's love-making was much like one of those communications, containing nothing of importance except the veiled revelation of the diplomat's dishonest intentions.

"As to this message," she concluded, "he told me that he should address me thus, and I did not forbid it with sincerity. That is the truth, and I merit your contempt. He said there would be a mark upon the envelope, and if it should come I thought to save my conscience by removing the message before you should bid me read; evasion, the easy refuge of dishonesty."

"Upon this book," said Sir Frederick, raising it toward his lips, "you made an earlier vow to me. God knows that no man ever felt more safe. Yet never in my most exalted rapture of confidence have I been so blessed by utter and perfect security as at this moment. I have seen your soul."

"I seemed to be growing old," said Helena, trembling. "We were so much shut in. I was afraid."

"The little girl looks out upon the crowd in the street and fancies that she is running away," said he. "Then she returns with contrition for a sin of disobedience which she has not committed."

"I love you," answered Helena. "No one else is anything to me."

He laid his hand upon his forehead with a peculiar gesture.

"Do you know what they have told me this morning?" he said. "They have promised me that I shall see again. I hardly dared to speak of it, yet I have strong hope, and if it comes true!"

"We shall rejoice together," said she, "and if it does not we shall still rejoice."

She bent forward to kiss his hand, which lay upon the desk, and he felt her tears.

Eunice met him at the angle of the east corridor. She was very pale, and her thin face was drawn hard.

"I must speak to you," she whispered. "Why does she let you walk like this, alone?"

"At my wish," said he. "We understand each other."

"You do not!" she cried. "I can be silent no longer. M. d'Epinay!"

"Ah, yes," said he, "M. d'Epinay. He is a handsome youth; of good family, too, but a rascal!"

"He sent her a message this morning!"

"True. She read it to me."

"She read it?"

"I fear you read it first," said he gravely. "I heard the seal fall on the floor, and they are not loosely affixed. It must have been the seal I heard, for I noticed afterward that there was none upon the envelope. Hallam would not have disturbed it, and I have learned that it lay upon his desk some minutes when he was not there. I am sorry," he added, after a brief pause, "sorry for M. d'Epinay."

"For him?" she cried.

"He is a rascal, as I remarked before," said Sir Frederick, "and rascal it makes one wretched. I am sorry this morning for every human being who is not happy."

He repeated the last word, not to her, but in a tone of ecstasy. His hand rested upon her shoulder for a moment, and then he strode away along the hall, his head erect, his step as sure as if God's light were in his eyes once more, as it was in his heart.

## INGALLS' FORMALITY.

How It Was Jarr'd by an Applicant Looking For Work.

M. E. Ingalls, prominent in railroad affairs in the middle west, has a rule that callers must send in their names from an outer office and await his summons if he desires to admit them. It is told of him that not a great while ago the rule was ignored by a stranger, who swung wide the door, let it close with a bang and jerkily said:

"Ingalls in?"

"I am Mr. Ingalls," replied the railroad man, his choler rising.

"So?" queried the stranger. "Let-ter for you?"

And he handed over an envelope. When Mr. Ingalls had read the contents, he appeared surprised and asked:

"Do you know what this says?"

"Yes," replied the stranger; "station agent in our town said you'd give me a job if I brought that to you."

"Indeed!" commented Ingalls ironically. "Well, do you not think your chances would be better if you at least knocked before entering, removed your hat when you entered and asked for 'Mr. Ingalls' instead of merely 'Ingalls'?"

The stranger looked discomfited, reached for the letter and slowly left. Before Ingalls recovered from his surprise there was a knock on the door, and, responding to his "Come in," the stranger re-entered softly, removed his hat and gently inquired:

"Is Mr. Ingalls in, sir?"

The magnate, deeply impressed with the fact that his little lecture had produced quick results, said cheerily:

"Yes, my friend; I am he. What can I do for you?"

"Do for me?" came the answer. Then, louder: "Do for me? You can go to the devil for me, you biddheaded little duffer! That's what you can do!"

And he departed, slamming the door. —Philadelphia Times-Ledger.

## A Unique Proposal.

"Whether man or woman, the individual is incomplete," he announced, with the air of one who had figured it all out. "The individual is not a whole person, not a complete unit."

"Oh," she said, bewildered. "Then I am incomplete?"

"Certainly."

"And are you?"

"Of course. We are really only pieces."

"Then I suppose we ought to be pieced out, like a tablecloth that's too small or a gown that lacks fullness."

"Oh, no. I don't believe in piecing to make a complete human entity. There is a better method."

"What?" she asked.

"Splicing," he replied.

## As It Sometimes Happens.

"Anyway," said Buepek, with a sigh long drawn out, "I may be able to worry along if they don't arrest me for bigamy."

"Arrest you for bigamy?" exclaimed the acting head of the misfit combination. "What in the name of goodness do you mean by that?"

"Just what I said," replied the meek and lowly martyr. "I seem to have married not only you, but your mother and all the rest of your family as well."

—Chicago News.

## A Hopeless Case.

"At least you will try to celebrate Thanksgiving in the proper spirit," said the jovial parson.

"I suppose so," answered the man who is constitutionally gloomy. "But I don't see much prospect of success. If I don't have a turkey and mince pie dinner, I'll feel slighted, and if I do I'll have indigestion."—Washington Star.

## Hard on the Trust.

Friend—I hope you are doing all you can to fight this food trust.

Editor—Yes; I refused seventeen poems this morning just to keep the poets from buying food.—Judge.

## The Biggest Expense.

She—I ought not to have married such an extravagant man.

He—But, my dear, the man whom you married couldn't be anything else. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

## A Man of Affairs.



"Say, Willie, take dis telegram, an' w'en youse see me talkin' ter dose ladies come up an' hand it to me, will yer?"—New York Evening Journal.

## Willie's Reckoning.

To do what you can As well as you can Is a mighty good plan For most any man.

To work all the day, To work every day, In the only sure way Of getting your pay.

If I work all the day And give up my pay, I surely shall cinch To fortune some time.

On that distant day I'll not want to play; I'll only keep climb-ing all of the time.

When fortune is ripe, I'll reap what I've sown— A column of type And another of stone. —Newark News.

# Christmas Coming.

And in order to make it a happy one for the little ones you should see that they have a good supply of candy on hand for the occasion. Some people have a prejudice against feeding their children candy, thinking it will injure their health. Lots of cheap candy that is sold by unscrupulous dealers would injure anybody's health if taken in any considerable quantities and a lot of the pains and aches of Christmas time come from this source. That is where we have the advantage of those concerns, we sell.....

## ONLY PURE CANDY.

When you buy candy of us you may feel perfectly sure that you are not getting anything that will injure the health of the most delicate person. We stake our reputation on the pureness of our goods and feel sure that we stand no chance of losing it.

## THE CANDY KITCHEN,

East Side, next to Wood Co. Bank. GEO. AKIN, Prop.

# The HOT BLAST Stove

Is one of the greatest fuel savers on earth.

It will burn anything from cornstalks to hard coal.

Makes more heat than any other stove on the market. Come and see the way they work. Two of them in constant use at

D. M. HUNTINGTON'S,

East Side Near City Hall.

# WISSMER & PASSER,

Manufacturers of

HAVANA and DOMESTIC CIGARS.

5c—Bell Rose and Cuban Specials.

10c—El Puerto.

In our retail department may be found a full supply of Tobaccos and Cigars, Pipes and Smokers' Supplies. Patronage solicited.

WEST SIDE.

GROSS' OLD STAND.

# LYON'S MILL.

Farmers,

Bring in your logs as I am better prepared than ever to do you good work. Also will buy all kinds of timber delivered at mill or on the different lines of railroad.

Theron Lyon.

## IF YOU ARE LOOKING

For anything in the line of Jewellery, Silverware, Gold and Silver Watches, Cut Glass or Fine China, you will probably find what you want at my jewellery store. Some fine pieces for Christmas, Birthday or Wedding presents. Call and examine the stock. No trouble to show goods.

W. G. SCOTT,

THE WEST SIDE JEWELER.



On Friday two tramps stole some goods from farmers' sleighs that were standing in front of the stores. The goods belonged to Frank Ross and Henry Ostrander. The tramps were subsequently caught and imprisoned in the lockup and most of the goods were recovered. The tramps were kept in jail all night and the next morning the village marshal gave them an emphatic invitation to move on.

Fire was discovered in the roof of one of the sulphite tanks of the Nekoosa paper Co. on Friday evening about nine o'clock. An alarm was sounded and the fire company turned out and soon had the flames under control. The roof was burned from the tank and lead lining melted, the damage amounting to about \$200. The fire caught from one of the electric light wires.

John Galligan and Louis Kuehn were at Grand Rapids Tuesday evening where they were given several degrees in the Elks Lodge. Messrs. Fitch, Westfelt and Fogarty also went up to see that the boys were properly handled. Mr. Kuehn remained in Grand Rapids Tuesday night and next morning went to Kankana to visit his relatives over the holidays.

Don't forget to look up a lady and attend the New Years ball to be given at Brooks hall Wednesday evening, December 31st. Music by Herriek's orchestra.

R. M. Williams of Necedah has completed his photograph gallery and is now ready for business. Mr. Williams is an artist in his line. Call and see his samples.

Miss Angeline Myers, who has been visiting her brother Charles and family, left Thursday for her home in Minnesota.

Otto Roenius of the Grand Rapids Foundry company has been doing some repair work at the mill this week.

Mrs. Russell Putnam of Menomonie arrived on Saturday to join her husband who is employed in the paper mill.

Amos Hayes is seriously ill with an attack of pneumonia. This is his second battle with that malady.

Miss Maude Burroughs is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Burroughs.

Miss Lucy Cournoyer, a teacher in the public schools, left Saturday for her home in Marshfield.

Merchant Wm. Hooper is giving to his many customers and friends a handsome calendar.

John Holtz, the Marshfield cigar man called on his customers here on Monday.

C. P. Thompson and family will spend Christmas at the home of N. L. Wakely and family.

Nose Marcoux returned Saturday from Shawano, where he has had employment.

Misses Milly Sorenson and Sadie Coffman are visiting relatives at Necedah.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boles spent Sunday visiting relatives in your city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Collier spent Sunday with relatives in Grand Rapids.

Miss Pausy Short is assisting at the Peter Huber store during the holiday rush.

Miss Annie Blair is spending the holidays with her parents in Rudolph.

Prof. N. B. Wagner is spending his vacation at his home in Menasha.

Miss Gertrude George of Barnum was shopping here on Monday.

Miss Etta Heiser is spending the week at her home in Sigel.

J. H. Short made a business trip to Nasonville on Monday.

Miss Margaret Prue is visiting relatives at Tomahawk.

Mrs. Fred Amhurst is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Charles Christian is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Philip Beppler is on the sick list this week.

J. C. Fogarty and family spent Sunday in Wausau.

Geo. N. Wood was a business visitor here last week.

#### MARSHFIELD.

Mrs. W. H. Upham of this city, president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Wis., has written to senator Quarles asking him not to admit Arizona and New Mexico into a statehood without a provision prohibiting polygamy. The W. C. T. U. numbers 4,000 women among its members in the state.

Fred Beell, the Marshfield wrestler defeated Emil Klank at Necedah last Saturday night winning the match in three straight falls. It is expected that Beell will leave soon for the east to be matched against some of the good men there. He will probably train in one of the Milwaukee gymnasiums before commencing his eastern tour.

Hillard Schaefer was arrested last week and fined five dollars and costs for breaking the quarantine regulations. The authorities have had trouble in enforcing quarantine in some instances and it is thought that this action will prove effective.

The pupils of Miss Floy Philles of Grand Rapids gave a song and piano recital at the DeWing hall on Thursday afternoon and it was a very pleasing entertainment, and reflected great credit on Miss Philles.

F. D. Laurence, who recently came here from Loyal and opened a real estate office, was taken to a private sanitarium last week to be treated for mental derangement.

—A. J. Saell wanted to attend a party, but was afraid to do so on account of pains in his stomach, which he feared would grow worse, he says, "I was telling my troubles to a lady friend, who said: 'Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will put you in condition for the party.' I bought a bottle and take pleasure in stating that two doses cured me and enabled me to have a good time to the party." Mr. Saell is a resident of Summer Hill, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by Johnson, Hill & Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

A human hand, preserved in alcohol and in good condition, was received by Congressman Webster L. Brown of Rhinelander, Wis., through the mail last week. The hand had been amputated just above the wrist and was sent by Adam Gosage of Wausau, who requested Mr. Brown to submit it to the commissioner of pensions to substantiate his claim for increase of pension. The claim of Mr. Gosage having been rejected he evidently decided to adopt heroic measures to get a favorable decision, and forwarded the hand for examination by the doctors of the bureau, believing such an examination would prove that the maimed condition was the result of wounds received in military service. The receipt of the ghastly package shocked Mr. Brown, and when the pension officials were advised of its arrival they refused to receive it on grounds that such evidence is not accepted, and for the further reason that medical examinations are conducted in the field. Mr. Brown has taken great interest in the claim of Mr. Gosage and has exhausted every possible means to secure justice from the pension bureau. He has presented a special bill in behalf of the claimant and will appear before the pension committee after the holidays to urge a favorable report.

The Wolf River Telephone company of Oshkosh, one of the largest independent telephone companies in the state, has been in the hands of a receiver during the past six months. The liabilities of the company are \$92,000 and the assets \$125,000. It is now proposed to reorganize the company under a new name. The Wolf river company tried for many years to down the Bell company in Oshkosh, but were unable to do so, and the consequence was that nearly all the business houses had two phones in their establishment.

William Youker was sentenced by Judge Silverthorn to serve three years in state prison for an assault upon his wife. One day last spring while intoxicated he beat his wife in such a manner that she was left a permanent cripple. The trial was on the charge of assault with intent to kill and murder, but the jury found him guilty of only one count. His sentence is the limit prescribed by law for such a crime.

Frank Lucke, the Green Bay stage driver charged with robbing the mail, was bound over for trial in the United States court with bail at \$1,000. Lucke turned up at his destination with the registered mail missing and claimed that the stage had been held up and robbed. The mail sacks were found under a bridge near where the robbery was claimed to have occurred.

Frank Wylie of Stevens Point shot himself last Wednesday afternoon. He had been about town drinking some but was not thought to be intoxicated, when he went to the back door of a saloon, and taking a revolver from his pocket he placed the muzzle of the weapon against the top of his head and fired the fatal shot. No cause can be assigned for the deed.

The Bank of Westby at Westby, Vernon county, was closed by State Bank Examiner M. C. Bergh on Thursday being found insolvent. Its last published report showed a capital stock of \$6,000 with \$7,000 surplus and total resources of \$171,939.19. It had about \$138,000 on deposits.

An effort is being made to divide Marinette County and make two counties out of it. The matter is meeting with great opposition in the city of Marinette, however, by people who claim it is simply a money scheme started by certain land companies.

Joseph Jonack of the town of Bern, Marathon county, was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for assaulting a five year old child, the daughter of Charles Schleit.

John Paulus, one of the pioneer lumbermen of Wisconsin, died in Neillsville last week from pneumonia and heart failure. He was sixty years of age.

#### The Pride of Heroes.

Many soldiers in the last war wrote to say that for Scratches, Bruises Cuts, Wounds, Corns, Sore Feet and Stiff Joints, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best in the world. Same for Burns, Scalds, Boils, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It cures or cures. Only 25c at John E. Daly's drug store.

#### VESPER.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph White and family and Michael Kane attended the funeral of Mr. Johnson at Grand Rapids on Sunday.

Mrs. F. W. Merrell departed Sunday for Racine. From there she will go to Chicago where she will undergo an operation. She was accompanied by her husband.

Mrs. Chas. Trentel and Miss Emma Trentel spent Friday in Grand Rapids.

Mrs. John Hessler and daughter Ethel were shopping in the city on Tuesday.

Miss Nellie Victory, who is teaching the Vesper school, departed for her home near Red Granite to spend the holidays with her parents.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Mary Lidie to Walter Trentel Monday, Dec. 29.

John Flanagan sold his trotter known as Buttermilk Jack to a Mr. King at Grand Rapids.

Miss Lizzie McCamley is spending vacation with her parents at Grand Rapids.

Rev. Father Van Sever of Rudolph passed through Vesper on Monday on his way home from Pittsville.

Albert Fredericks, Jos. Lydelic and Ed Flanagan went to Grand Rapids on Saturday.

Miss Lena Otto visited with friends in Grand Rapids a few days.

A. H. Loherson of Marshfield was a caller in Vesper on Friday.

C. F. Heiser drove to Pittsville on Saturday.

John Kandel went to Grand Rapids on Monday.

#### Telephone Ring No. 398.

Other rings too many to mention. If you want a ring as low as a good ring can be bought, step in or ring us up.

A. P. Hirzy.

Someone broke into, or rather went with a key into Henry Gruber's saloon on Sunday evening, taking \$20 in cash, some cigars, and probably something to drink. Such things are getting altogether too common in the village.

Hackett's band of Baraboo furnished the music for the dance given in the new town hall on Saturday evening. Anyone that can't dance when that band plays, can't dance at all.

Some sneak thief entered T. Styles home and stole a quality of clothing, also what money they could find on Tuesday of last week.

The school entertainment last Friday evening was a success. It showed hard work on the part of the teachers and scholars both.

G. W. Lyons and wife were Grand Rapids visitors on Sunday in attendance at the funeral of Nels Johnson.

Otto Wiperman and Miss Alice Alters of Grand Rapids attended the dance on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Wm. Plumett of New Lisbon is the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. W. Lyons this week.

Miss Eva Miller was confined at home several days last week with throat trouble.

Wm. Baker's people are the proud possessors of a baby boy since Wednesday last.

#### A Good Cough Medicine.

(From the Gazette, Townsville, Australia.)

I had Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is an excellent medicine. I have been suffering from a severe cough for the last two months, and it has effected a cure. I have great pleasure in recommending it. W. C. Weckner. This is the opinion of one of the oldest and most respected residents, and has been voluntarily given in good faith that others may try the remedy and be benefited, as was Mr. Weckner. This remedy is sold by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

#### KELLNER.

Word was received here Sunday of the sudden death of Minnie Joecks at Merrill, but no particulars can be obtained. Miss Joecks is a daughter of G. Joecks of this place and her death is a sad blow to her many friends here.

Mr. Warner of Plover is serving notice of those who did not sign the petition for the drainage of the Buena Vista Marsh. A hearing will be had sometime in February for those who are opposed to it.

Don't forget the good time, the best time of the season, that grand dance in Kellner hall Dec. 25. Good music in attendance. Plenty of barn room for your teams.

The section crew went to Grand Rapids Saturday afternoon on a hand car to get their checks. This is one of the inconveniences of having no agent here.

A Christmas tree and appropriate exercises will be held Wednesday night in the Evangelical Lutheran church here.

John Boles has purchased one lot west of his present place of business and will erect a new building there in the spring.

Wm. Joswick and family left for Milwaukee Saturday, over the C. & N. W., where they will make their future home.

Halmet Timm leaves Wednesday for Milwaukee where he will spend the holidays with relatives and friends.

Mrs. J. M. Gage will spend the holidays at Packwaukee with relatives and friends.

A. H. Kleberg and Wm. Griffith of Nekoosa were business visitors here Friday.

Frank Luebke and wife spent Thursday afternoon in Grand Rapids.

C. E. Boles the hustling real estate man spent Wednesday here.

Mrs. Krusche is visiting at Stevens Point this week.

#### A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Green's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25 cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded. J. E. Daly and Johnson & Hill Co.

#### RUDOLPH.

Miss Hayes who is staying at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Duncan was called to Nekoosa on Monday by the serious illness of her brother.

Miss Provost teacher in Dist. No. 1, Sigel, treated her pupils to a "candy pull," and a sleigh ride last Friday.

A large number of our citizens attended the funeral of Nels Johnson at Grand Rapids on Sunday.

Quite a number from here are figuring on attending the New Year's ball at Junction City.

Miss Anna Blair who is employed at Nekoosa is spending the holidays at home.

Will Bratton is home for the holidays.

#### An Honest Statement.

Mr. William Acton of 212 Fourth St. Lincoln, Ill., says: Our daughter aged sixteen, was suffering with a severe cough and cold on her lungs. Common remedies seemed to afford no relief and myself and her mother feared pneumonia or consumption. She began taking Harts' Honey and Horchound and in less than two weeks was entirely cured. We always recommend Harts' Honey and Horchound to any one suffering with a deep seated cough or cold. Sold by Sam Church, druggist.

#### In Justice Court.

Fred Moser of Arpin was brought before Judge Gettis this morning on a charge of arson. Moser is from Arpin and was charged with burning his blacksmith shop some time last summer. The case was dismissed.

Wm. Kruger was before Judge Crottean on Monday charged with creating a riot on the streets of Grand Rapids a week ago last Sunday. The case was dismissed.

# HEADQUARTERS FOR Christmas Presents

Toilet Sets, Glove and Handkerchief Sets, Manicure Sets, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Photograph Holders, Smoking Sets, Work Boxes, Photograph Frames, Jewel Boxes, Medallions, Shopping Bags, Music Rolls, Burnt Leather Goods, Pocket Books.

#### Dolls

A nice line of dolls, dressed and undressed.

Copyright books at \$1.25

#### Fancy China

A select line of Japanese and hand decorated china including plates, salad bowls, fruit dishes, vases, tea sets, etc. The finest American cut glass.

#### Toys

We are also headquarters for all kinds of toys, games, doll buggies and go-carts, steel hand sleds, toy dishes, rocking horses, etc. Christmas books.

# Sam Church

## XMAS GREETING!

THE season of 1902 has been a most successful one for the Heineman Mercantile Co., and nobody realizes better than we do ourselves that this success has been due largely to the fact that our customers have placed confidence in our motives and extended to us a patronage that has been greatly in excess of our most sanguine expectations.

During the coming year we will undoubtedly continue to give our customers the same advantage that they have been enjoying in the past. Whenever we can save them a dollar or a penny by close buying we intend to do so, so that our store will continue to be one of the most popular trading places in the city of Grand Rapids.

In closing we want to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

## THE HEINEMAN MERC. CO.

P. S. Remember that during the coming year we will continue holding our Friday Bargain Sales that have become so popular during the past few months.



## THE LAST SAD RITES

### NELSON JOHNSON LAID TO REST

The Funeral Was Attended by Many from Home and Abroad—Details of His Last Sickness.

The body of Nels Johnson arrived in the city on Saturday morning over the St. Paul line. The remains were accompanied by Arnie Arpin, who had come through from Wilmington, and Geo. W. Mead, who had met them in Chicago. A large delegation of citizens and members of the Elks lodge were waiting at the depot and escorted the remains to the home of the family in this city.

The funeral occurred at 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. There was a ser-



NELSON JOHNSON.

vice at the home by Father Van Roosmaalen, after which the Elks took charge of the services and performed their regular funeral ritual. In this service there was an eulogy written and delivered by W. J. Conway, which was as follows:

This unusual assemblage of so many of the citizens of our city, the sad sense of bereavement and sorrow which sits upon the visages of those here present, the funeral decorations of this home, the empty chair so eloquent, all presage the melancholy character of the duty which I am deputized by my brethren of the order, in accordance with the solemn usages thereof, to perform.

When the heart is heavy and the mind is mellowed with sorrow, when feelings of sadness well up within us, and we stand face to face with that great mystery, Death, there is nothing so impressive, so eloquent, so soul satisfying as silence. And yet today I fail would speak. Not alone as a member of the order in whose name these services are being held, but in the personal sense of one who loved a friend. It has well been said that "the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul." In the spirit of this sentiment we have gathered here today to pay our tribute of love and respect to the memory of Nels Johnson.

Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, fifty-five years ago, he at the age of eighteen migrated to America, and decided to cast his fortunes in his young manhood in the then almost unbroken forests of Wisconsin. He has himself related that when he arrived in New York in 1865 he had of ready funds but twenty-five cents; but he had a great, warm heart full of human sympathy, and a mind full of cognizant of the sterling worth of honest toil, and he had perfect health. He had an integrity and character no man ever questioned. But this young pioneer who had come from the far off island of Zealand to the shores of the Wisconsin to seek his fortune, with his exuberance of health and his pure ambitions, had already a wealth which only those can appreciate who have begun to look back regretfully upon the hopes and the enthusiasm of distant youth.

The young man, therefore, performed his part in contending with the adverse circumstances which inevitably surround pioneer life on the frontier of civilization. Thus brought into serious contact with the stern realities of life, he established the substructure on which he could well rest his grand career of future usefulness and success.

No school is more conducive to character building than that of constant contact with the forces of nature as exercised by the sturdy and progressive pioneer.

Ways, means and methods become daily problems for consideration with them and the exertions necessarily put forth to meet every emergency call into requisition the best elements both physical and mental of human nature.

Mr. Johnson profited by experiences of this character and he emerged from that crucial test physically and mentally strong, a practical, self-reliant and progressive student of human nature and the problems of life. His whole career was honorable and successful. He took home to himself early the lesson that "there is no royal road to success," and he adopted and practiced, throughout all his life, those habits of patient industry and perseverance by which alone success can be achieved.

He was the architect of his own fortune. He was essentially a business man. He did things. To him theories were subordinate to practical results. He analyzed and tested everything by a strong and subtle common sense. Others might indulge in specu-

lation; he preferred to know. The touchstone of fact meant more to him than the labyrinths and mysteries of dream life. His intellectual alchemy was that of truth, knowledge and experience. He was progressive and public spirited, full of life, energy, hope and accomplishment.

He was an honest man. He realized that honesty had its foundation in one's own heart. He was honest with himself, therefore with others. He used these traits of character as a magnet with which to draw others to him. The approach was easy. To his heart was an open door. It was a guest chamber reserved for all who sought the hospitality of his friendship.

In the quiet circles of his friends, when free from the whirl of the business world, his true character shone to greatest advantage. In such relationship he was genial, affable, light-hearted, courteous, thoughtful, considerate, gentle, kind and loving. He had for all a pleasant word, a kindly smile, a cordial greeting. To those who knew him he was sweet as summer. Association with him was an inspiration for higher and better life, for a truer and broader culture, for greater good to society and the world. He seemed to be in love with life. Around him were sunshine and flowers. He lived as one who loved his fellow men and was beloved by them, and as he lived he died. "Take him for all and all we shall not look upon his like again."

Though it seldom happens that the ambitions of young manhood are realized, we may well doubt whether our departed friend and brother, as he first looked upon the waters of this river shimmering in the distance, as he spent many long and weary days on his shores when it was the great highway of commerce, dared to hope for greater happiness and greater success than that which was in store for him. In due time there came to him that blessing compared with which other pleasures are trivial indeed, the peace and delight of a loving family and a happy home on the banks of that same river near where he had given the early efforts of his life, and where for more than twenty-three years, in the sweet companionship of those he loved, has glided "the smooth current of domestic joy."

During all these years he was foremost in every good work and enterprise and charity of this community. With such a life and with his temperament it must have filled the fullest measure of his laudable ambition to be known, honored and respected, and worthy of the love and esteem of his fellow men in the city he loved so well. His was a truly great and noble character without the shadow of a spot or blemish.

As we reflect upon all that he achieved at a comparatively early age in the varied pursuits of his life, and consider the field of usefulness and honor which seemed to be open to him for many years to come, the great loss we have sustained in his death, in the vigor of manhood, in the full maturity of all his unrivalled ability, and occurring, as it does, at this the critical period of our municipal history, seems doubly hard to bear. And a few hours ago as I stood beside the casket which contains all that is mortal of our departed brother and friend, musings on the unrolled problems of life and death filled my mind. When one thus endowed in the very noonday of his life, facing with heroic and hopeful eyes the future, surrounded with friends and loved ones, in the plenitude of life's blessings, with boundless opportunities before him, is summoned to the great beyond, we cannot help but wonder why.

It is difficult—well nigh impossible to think of him as dead. There was so much of robust manliness, such buoyancy of spirit—life to him was worth the living and he was so fashioned for its enjoyments and its successes that although we view his remains here and see his casket lowered to its final resting place, though we stand beside his casket draped in sables and laden with the sweet emblems of everlasting hope, the gift of cherished friends; though we see his devoted wife under a stress of grief too strong for tears, and those of his children so young in years that they are wholly unconscious of their loss, though we see all this, the whole scene seems to me more a dream than a mournful reality. And while I utter these words my thoughts go back and my heart goes with them to Brother Johnson as but a few days ago we beheld him in the pride and strength of his vigorous manhood. And as I trace in memory's glass his familiar features and think how, almost without a warning, alone and away from home and loved ones, and within a few miles of the spot where a little over a quarter of a century before he first set foot upon the soil of his adoption, death called him, to the unseen world, there comes to my mind the thought, with an impressiveness unknown before, "What shadows we are! What shadows we pursue?"

The curtain has dropped upon his life. His part here is played. He has left us behind, some of us for but a short time, leaving to us, however, and to his bereaved widow and children that greatest of all consolations, that most priceless heritage which earth can give, the memory of a character and reputation for loyalty, affection, usefulness, manhood, integrity and industry that can never fade from our minds. In due order we all shall follow. Let us hope that our record may be as pure. Let us cherish and revere his memory. Let us endeavor to emulate his virtues and be guided by his example, so that when the dread summons comes, as come it must, we may be prepared to go hence, as he has gone, tried and found true in every relation of life, with no duty unperformed.

He has gone leaving few like him behind; few so dear and so honored in the hearts of those who knew him.

May we long feel his influence in his accustomed place, and seek wisdom of him as if he were here. Thus, though it is written he is dead, he will be ever with us reminding us of that imperative command of our laws, "The faults of our brothers we write upon the sands, their virtues upon the tablets of love and memory;" and assist us in maintaining those cardinal principles of our order, Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity among men which he himself maintained in life so long, so faithfully and so well. Such men as he are additions to the world. The world is better and brighter because he lived in it.

In the great and mystical beyond, to which his soul has flown, may he meet the reward of the righteous and the just. May the decree of Deity, sitting in merciful judgment on the earthly career of men, in his case be recorded thus: "Well done good and faithful servant."

As at midday the fervid rays of the sun in its course glitter with greater brilliancy, all nature smiles more invitingly, the unclouded sky possesses a loftier grandeur, the fragrance of the flowers is sweeter, so notwithstanding his sudden taking off in the zenith of his strength, yet we feel that our civic and fraternal pride has been accelerated, and life itself presents a more charming prospect, in the consciousness that such a personality as that of Brother Johnson found for a time a dwelling place among the inhabitants of earth.

He has left to posterity an example to imitate not to avoid. Let us hope that his life will be long remembered and that his example will incite others to higher aims and purposes.

"Green be the turf above thee.  
Friend of my better days;  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise."

Our belief in a future life must always be consoling. Surely this can not be the end of human aspirations and growth. Beyond this uncertain and unsatisfactory existence there must be a world free from the disappointments, the sorrows, and the pains of earthly life. At any rate I prefer to believe that, and to feel that our friend who has gone to that "bourn from whence no traveler returns," is today happy in the wider vision and a larger interpretation of God's plans and purposes than is possible to us who are left behind. For him "Life's fitful fever is ended."

"Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love."

I cannot close without expressing the deep sense of personal bereavement and loss I feel in the death of Brother Johnson. He was my friend, faithful, loyal, true. He is the gentlest memory of all my friendships. The recollections of our associations and his many kind acts will be sweet to dwell upon as the passing years go by and the evening of life draws near. Sadly I speak the word, "Farewell!" I loved him living, I love him dead. Then

"Farewell to thee or to that part that dies,  
But to thy name and bright, imperishable fame  
We cannot say farewell. Within our hearts  
Thou livest  
A memory of thy glorious deeds and name  
Which alone with death can die."

This was followed by a hymn by the quartette, after which the procession formed for the cemetery. The pall bearers were D. J. Arpin, B. E. Gorgins, John A. Caylor, T. E. Mullen, J. W. Natwick and D. D. Downay, and the honorary pall bearers were George L. Williams, J. W. Cochran, A. L. Arpin, George M. Hill, I. P. Witter and F. MacKinnon. Arriving at Calvary cemetery the remains were laid to rest and the last rites of the lodge and friends were performed and thus passed from earthly knowledge one of the best known and well liked men in the city or vicinity.

The cortege that followed the remains to the grave was probably the longest that has ever been seen in this city, there being 175 teams in line besides the many that were present at the home and grave side during the last services. Many were present from out of town at the obsequies of the friend whom they would never more know in life.

The details of Mr. Johnson's sickness are limited from the fact that he was ill but a short time. He arrived at Wilmington, Delaware, on Tuesday afternoon and had retired to his bed when he was taken quite violently ill. He summoned the porter of the hotel and asked that a physician be summoned. This was done and the doctor found him suffering great pain, and although he remained at his bedside and administered what remedies he could, Mr. Johnson passed away about one o'clock, after an illness of a trifle over two hours. The cause of death was pronounced to be uremia.

Concerning the death of Mr. Johnson, the following letter was received by W. J. Conway of this city from Dr. Willard Springer, the physician who was called to attend Mr. Johnson during his last illness:

WILMINGTON, DEL., Dec. 18, 1902.—Mr. W. J. Conway, Grand Rapids, Wis.—Dear Sir: At the suggestion of Mr. Arpin, who has just left my office, I write to tell you about the death of Mr. Johnson. I was called to see him at 12:30 o'clock, Dec. 17th. I found him suffering with pain and distress in his chest and stomach. He had eaten a very hearty supper in Baltimore, and after coming to Wilmington before going to bed he said he drank a gin cocktail. Soon after taking the drink he said he felt badly. I looked upon the case as one of acute indigestion, and as he was suffering much, I immediately gave him a hypodermic injection of morphia. I also wrote a prescription and sent the hotel porter after the medicine. I remained with him and in a few minutes he said he felt somewhat easier. I then spoke

about going home, but he said, "Don't go until the man comes with the medicine." I then sat down again and we were talking about his condition and what further should be done for him after I had gone home, when all of a sudden I saw his eyes begin to turn up in his head and he was seized with a convulsion. I immediately rang the bell in his room and the clerk came at once and he went for the hotel proprietor, who had left Mr. Johnson's room but a few minutes before. He immediately came again. He was in the room just in time to see him breathe his last. This is a history of the case in brief, and it is my opinion that he died from a uremic convulsion, and I have given, after a consultation with the coroner, a certificate of death from that cause. Any further information I may be able to give to you or his family will be cheerfully given if you write me.

WILLARD SPRINGER.

The following letter was received by Mrs. Johnson from the night clerk at the Clayton House in Wilmington, where Mr. Johnson was stopping when his death occurred:

WILMINGTON, DEL., Dec. 20, 1902.—Mrs. N. Johnson.—My Dear Madam: I, the sender of this letter, am clerk at the Clayton House where Mr. Johnson stopped. He registered at 10:15 o'clock on the night of December 16 and seemed to be in the best of health. We exchanged a few words over the desk, in which I learned he had come a long way, and that it was his first visit to Delaware. He retired about 11:30 and, as I passed him the key to his room, he seemed to be in the best of health. We exchanged a few words again in which I asked him if he was not tired from his long journey, and his reply was, "Not very tired." It was about 12:45 o'clock when he sent the bell boy to tell me that he was sick and to send for the best doctor in the city, which I did. I then went to his room to see what was the matter with him. I found him suffering great pain, and he had a cold sweat. Upon asking him if I could do anything for him, he stated that if I would rub his chest perhaps that would ease the pain. I did so, but he seemed to grow worse and was growing much weaker. I worked with him till the doctor came, but with all the doctor could do he passed away on the morning of the 17th at 1:15 o'clock. I asked in regard to his kin and so forth, stating that his case might be serious, and if it were where to send word to, but all the reply was that his name and address was on the hotel register, and he passed away before he finished the statement. This is in full the details of Mr. Johnson from his arrival at the hotel until he died. I hope it will be of some comfort to you in these sad hours. The doctor did all in his power to revive him and I know well I did all within my power in behalf of the manager of the hotel and to myself. Allow me to extend sympathy in these sad hours, which come to all of us at some time or other and sincerely hope that you may have the blessing from a power higher than mine. I remain yours respectfully,  
C. BARKER McCULLOCH.

### WILL CONTINUE WORK.

Improvements to Continue on Water Power.

The Tribune is informed by Geo. W. Mead that the work of improving the water power at this point will continue as first proposed by the Grand Rapids Power and Paper Company.

It was thought by many that the death of Mr. Johnson would delay or stop the work, but this is not the case. Mr. Johnson was one of the most enthusiastic members of the company and it had long been his ambition to see the power improved, and the remaining members will carry out the work as proposed. The matter of drawing plans is still in progress.

### Death of Minnie Joicks.

Merrill Advocate: Miss Minnie Joicks, who came to this city from her home in Kellner, Wis., a week ago Sunday, to visit her sisters the Misses Ida and Bertha Joicks, died very suddenly last Friday evening at her sister's home on North Prospect street. On arrival here the young lady seemed to be in the best of health and at no time did she complain of not feeling well. She was taken with a cold last Wednesday and on Thursday a physician was called in, and upon examination found that the young lady was suffering from pneumonia and heart trouble. She continued to grow worse in spite of all that medical skill and loving hands could do for her, and at 7:30 Friday evening she passed away. Her sad death was caused by heart trouble more than anything else. She was a bright and handsome young lady and was in her nineteenth year. By the request of her relatives her remains were laid to rest in the cemetery, in this city, the funeral taking place yesterday afternoon from Trinity Lutheran church, Rev. Seibrandt officiating. The sympathy of the community is extended to the sorrowing relatives in their affliction.

### North-Western Rates.

Very low rates to National Live Stock Convention, Kansas City, Mo., via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold January 12 and 13, with extreme return limit by extension until January 31, inclusive. Excursion rates to State Dairymen's Convention at Champaign, Ill., via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold at reduced rates January 6 and 7, limited to return until January 9, 1903, inclusive.

### Desk Lamps.

—A Xmas present that will do for all, also fancy shades.  
C. M. DOUGHARTY.

## WOOD IS CAPTURED

### RUNAWAY BILL POSTER IN JAIL

Had Been in Minnesota and Came Back to Visit His Relatives When The Sheriff Got Him.

On Monday Sheriff McLaughlin captured Charles Wood, the bill poster who left the city so unceremoniously last August neglecting to pay several bills that he had contracted, among which was an account at the Commercial house.

Wood was captured at the home of his father-in-law in Wausara county where he was staying, and where his wife has also been living. He was brought to this city the same day and taken before Police Justice Crotteau, and after hearing the case was adjourned until the 20th of January, when he will come up for trial.

While enroute from his home to this city Wood gave Sheriff McLaughlin quite a history of his doings since he so suddenly disappeared from here last August.

He stated that he left in the night afoot and went southeast. That he spent two nights on the Buena Vista marsh, being practically lost, sleeping wherever night happened to overtake him. At last he got his bearings and found where he was going and reached the home of his wife's father. He stayed there for a short time, then went to Portage by train and then from Portage to Minnesota by foot, claiming that he walked every foot of the way.

After being at various places in Minnesota he turned up at Winona, where he was picked up by some members of the Y. M. C. A. and shipped back home, where he had only been a day or two when he was arrested.

Wood also stated that he was working at Plover before coming here, and was doing well, when he was seized with the idea that he was traveling for some show company. He came here thinking that he had a large amount of paper to post for the concern and states that when he went to get lumber to put up bill boards, etc., he had no money but that everybody was willing to trust him and he had no trouble in securing all the material he wanted. Everything came so easy that he ran up good sized bills at different places until at last he began to realize what he was doing and so sneaked out of town, leaving the parties that had been assisting him in the legitimate work that had been secured to settle the bills or make any excuse they could for not doing so.

Mr. McLaughlin states that the man certainly does act at times as if he were suffering from mental derangement, but at the same time states that he was a pretty foxy crazy man. Wood has allowed his beard to grow during his absence and might have visited the city and been about town without being recognized by any of his old associates had he cared to do so.

Wood has a wife and one child, who live at his father-in-law's place which is situated between Plover and Plainfield.

### Visiting Old Friends.

John Conway and daughter Nellie of Orient, S. D., has been in the city since last Saturday, having come here primarily to attend the funeral of his old friend, Nels Johnson. Mr. Conway is a son of the late Patrick Conway and was raised on the old homestead in Rudolph. For the past twenty-one years, however, he has been a resident of South Dakota, and has at Orient one of the largest stores in that part of the country. He is also actively engaged in the real estate business, and being a hustler, has amassed more or less of this world's goods. In speaking of a recent real estate deal that Mr. Conway made the Daily Argus-Leader of Sioux Falls, says:

"J. J. Conway of Orient, one of the leading real estate men in the northern part of the state is attending the implement dealers' convention. Mr. Conway is about the happiest man in the state as he has just closed a deal for the sale of \$43,000 worth of land. The best part of the deal is the fact that Mr. Conway owned the land himself, a great portion of which has been in his possession for the past twenty years."

Mr. Conway attributes all of his success to the opportunities that are open in the western country but we think it is because he was born and raised in Wisconsin and believe that he would probably have done even a little better had he remained in Wood county.

Mr. Conway and his daughter will probably remain here until after the holidays, visiting their relatives and friends.

### W. R. C. Officers.

The following officers were elected at the last meeting of the Woman's Relief Corps:  
President—Josephine Beadle.  
Sen. Vice President—Matilda Carey.  
Jun. Vice President—Lizzie Baker.  
Secretary—Josephine Boucher.  
Treasurer—Estilla Shea.  
Chaplain—Elba Porter.  
Conductor—Sarah Getts.  
Guard—Helen Young.

### A Chance For Young Men.

The attention of eligible young men of Grand Rapids and vicinity is called to the following which appeared in the Chicago Inter Ocean last Sunday:  
Lady, young, accomplished, highly educated, romantic, wealthy, wishes to correspond with a few honorable, matronly inclined gentlemen. Social League, Auburnale Wis.

### She Was Just Fooling.

Last week it was reported that Mrs. W. H. Stevens, nee La Cele Arquette, had disappeared and it was thought she had drowned herself. It seems, however, that she is still very much alive, and is now living at Omaha, where she was employed as a domestic when discovered by the police. Mrs. Stevens left letters which said that she intended to make way with herself but she apparently changed her mind and went to Omaha under an assumed name.

Mrs. Stevens was under indictment for sending obscene matters through the mail. She has twice had her first husband, Tom Hoover, arrested for attempting to kill her, but when the matter came to trial the attempt seemed to exist only in her imagination.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevens were married in this city at the Lyon House, and since then have been living the most of the time at Loyal. La Cele is certainly a four-time winner and manages to kick up some kind of an interest in her wherever she goes.

### Benson-Reimer.

On Monday afternoon at two o'clock occurred the wedding of Albert Benson and Miss Ida Reimer, both of the town of Rudolph. The ceremony took place in the Lutheran church in that town, Rev. J. T. Bittner officiating. After the ceremony there was a reception at the home of the bride's parents, at which a large number of guests assembled and indulged in a royal good time.

Both of the young people are well known in Rudolph and this city, the bride being the daughter of Joseph Reimer, and a most estimable young lady. The groom is the son of Ben Benson and is a worthy young man who is well liked by all of his associates. The Tribune joins with their many friends in wishing them happiness and a long wedded life.

Mr. and Mrs. Benson will make their home in Rudolph with Mr. Benson's father the coming winter, but expect to move to this city in the spring.

### Higher Education.

The following dispatch is from Madison and occurred there on Saturday evening:

"Seven young men supposed to be students participated in an initiatory ceremony in a rear room of a Madison saloon to-night. They drank five cases of beer. Six of them hung the seventh the neck to the ceiling and left the place. When the barkeeper found the man hanging he was apparently dead. The victim was with difficulty resuscitated and taken in a hack to his home. The man had been left hanging from three iron hooks and on the table of the stall was left an open Bible. It is presumed the affair was meant to be a joke, the participants being so intoxicated as to forget the danger."

There is no question that a man is awfully hampered in his life who has not a university education, but there is some solace in the thought that the fools are not all on the outside.

### Christmas Program.

The following program will be rendered at the First Congregational church on Sunday evening, December 28th:

Piano Voluntary.....Selected  
Miss Philleo.  
Chorus—Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna.....Schnecker  
Responsive Reading.....Fortieth Selection  
Chorus—Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices.....Gilchrist  
Prayer.  
Soprano Solo—Worship Christ the New Born King.....Hammond  
Announcements.  
Collection.  
Piano Interlude.....Selected  
Miss Philleo.  
Chorus—From the Realm of Glory.....Schnecker  
Address—Happiness.....Rev. E. J. H. Shaw  
Hymn 265.  
Benediction.

### Catholic Knight Officers.

The following officers were elected by the lodge of Catholic Knights of Wisconsin of this city at their last regular meeting:

President—P. Mulroy.  
Vice President—P. McCamley.  
Recording Secretary—Frank Stahl.  
Financial Secretary—J. A. Steib.  
Treasurer—David Lutz.  
Trustee 3 years—Dennis McCarthy.  
Sentinel—Nic Eraser.  
The installation will occur on the 1st Sunday in January by John A. Gaynor, installing officer.

### Wood by the Pound.

The Madison Democrat advocates the sale of wood by weight. It says, with considerable truth, that wood can be so piled as to make three-quarters of a cord look like a full cord. The same reasoning can be applied also to the measurement of bulky vegetables in small quantities. A crafty grocer, for instance, can so arrange a peck of large potatoes so that there will be little more than half the legitimate weight of a peck in the measure.

### Death of E. A. Foster.

E. A. Foster, of Wausau, one of the most prominent lumbermen of the Wisconsin River Valley, died at his home Monday morning from apoplexy. He was president of the Merrill Lumber company and was well known to all in this neighborhood who have been connected with the lumber industry in any way. Mr. Foster was 73 years old.

### Building Lots for Sale.

—Forty building lots in first ward from \$75 to \$150. Also good 10 room dwelling and lot \$0x120.  
E. I. PHILLEO.



# WHEN BOYS WERE MEN

By John Habberton.  
Author of "Heaven's Dabblers," "George Washington," Etc.  
Copyright, 1901, by John Habberton.

I thought this was very cynical of Cloyne. Of course there are impostors everywhere, but splendid, straight, manly looking fellows like our own regiment's share of the "Six Hundred" could not be suspected of anything unfair or pretentious. They were superbly cool and composed, as great soldiers always are, and neither of them seemed to take ordinary interest in any one around him until I chanced to mention one of them to the other. To my great surprise, they were not even acquaintances. This fact or some other seemed to surprise the one I spoke to, and when I brought them together and introduced them they did not look and act at all as I imagined old comrades in a historic battle would. Thinking perhaps they preferred to review old associations in private, I left them, after which they began to chat quite freely, and when next I met one of them he told me they had identified each other at last, and glad they were to find they were old friends. It was a long time before I could get Cloyne to take the slightest interest in them, but he finally eyed them, first carelessly, then curiously. Later I saw him in earnest conversation with one of them, and when I joked with him about it he put on a queer smile and patted me on the shoulder in a patronizing manner that exasperated me.

Our reception at the camp of the Thirty-eighth was not what I had expected. The veterans of the regiment did not turn out to cheer the brave youths who had come to help them put down the rebellion. They did not even offer us something to eat, although it was long after breakfast time and our haversacks had been empty since the night before. A few sauntered over to the adjutant's tent, to which we had been marched, and looked at us as if in search of familiar faces, but no one took special interest in us except the orderly sergeants of the various companies, whom the adjutant had the sergeant major summon by bugle call. The company in which we had enlisted had not yet been organized, so we were allotted temporarily among the older companies, and the orderly sergeants swore frightfully, as they marched us off, at the trouble they would have to squeeze an extra man or two into every tent of a lot already well filled. The men in the tents did not do much to make us feel at home, although one or two put on some appearance of friendliness as they asked us if we had brought down anything in pocket flasks.

We Summerton boys were not made any more comfortable by being separated, as we chanced to be. No three of us were assigned to the same company, much less to the same tent. There seemed nothing for us to do or see either, for no drill was ordered during the morning. Before dinner call was sounded I had lost all interest in the service and the war. I could think of nothing but our farm at Summerton and the people who occupied it. My father had promised to visit me in camp before winter if the authorities would permit. How I hoped he would not do it! I should have been glad to have him see the camp of the Ninety-ninth, but the cavalry camp was very different. There seemed no end of detached tents and huts, with no particular purpose that I could discover. Nothing was as I had expected.

After dinner we boys had an opportunity to see each other again. We enjoyed the meeting, but not its purpose, for each new recruit was given a shovel and set to digging post holes and ditches for some new stables that were to be built. I could have had plenty of digging without coming several hundred miles from home, for my father had long intended to set a new fence. An excitable young Frenchman among the recruits seemed somewhat of my way of thinking, for he suddenly dropped his shovel and shouted:

"I will not dig ze hole! I enlist for la gloire, not for dirty work like zis."

"Ah, you want glory, eh?" said the German sergeant who seemed engineer in chief. "Den better it is you go back to your own country, vere dey ain't got no sense."

The Frenchman said something between his teeth and thrust out his fist. The sergeant collared the Frenchman and kicked him all the way to the guardhouse. There were no protests after that. Post holes and ditches increased rapidly, and I was somewhat astonished to discover that the short ditch dug by Phil Hamilton was the most skapely of the lot.

We recruits got some comfort after supper in criticising the movements of the cavalry at dress parade. They marched with less style than the most awkward company of the Ninety-ninth, and looked shabby by the lack of resemblance in their hats, no two of which set alike, although all were of black felt.

Signs of hospitality continuing to be invisible, some of us Summerton recruits concluded to spend the night on the quartermaster's hay pile. Virginia deers, however, had grown cooler in the month that had elapsed since the Ninety-ninth went north, and we had to arise in the middle of the night and indulge in violent exercise to warm our blood. We talked a great lot, too, so much that the sergeant of the guard came over to see what was the matter. When we told him why we were there

and how uncomfortable we were, he said:

"Serves you right. Men who've been in the service once before and got out and hadn't sense enough to stay out deserve all the bad luck they can find."

I was angry and miserable enough to believe for the moment that he was nearly half right.

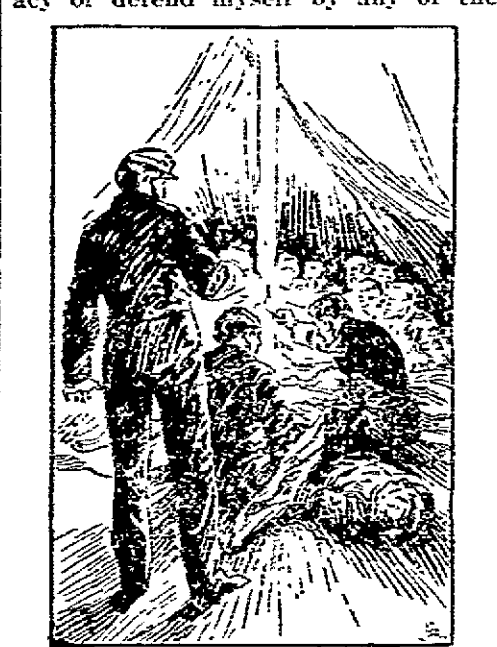
## CHAPTER V.

THINGS SLOW AND LIVELY.



ITHIN a few days our company was organized, and we recruits were gathered into tents of our own. But we continued to be thoroughly miserable. The cavalry camp seemed such a shiftless, do nothing place for all who were not recruits that I thought seriously of writing a private letter to President Lincoln suggesting that he should have this large and lazy body of men go out and kill some rebels or do something else that would help end the war. It seemed to me that the men I saw lounging about me could not possibly be the same who had been all the talk of the post when the Ninety-ninth was there.

We recruits did very little lounging. We were drilled pretty steadily in the use of a saber, a weapon which did not feel or act anything like we had supposed. For days it seemed too heavy and clumsy for me ever to use to any purpose, and I doubted whether I ever should be able to injure the Confederacy or defend myself by any of the



I beheld an odd spectacle.

thrusts, points or cuts of the manual of arms. I told Cloyne so one day, and he replied:

"That's the reason you're being taught. There'd be nonsense in teaching you if you already knew how."

The regiment—that is, the new companies—had no horses, and we Summerton boys would feel very dismal when we saw the older companies mount and go off on a scouting trip, as they did at least once a week, while we, instead, were marched out to drill or set to work on the stables, which were so many and large that it seemed they never would be finished. There were 12 of them, and each was more than 300 feet long and required 100 thick 10 foot posts, which had to be cut in the forest, besides hundreds of smaller ones for the roof and to divide the stalls. Many of the men made up their minds while this work was going on that a soldier's life was a dog's life, and they proved their sincerity by acting like dogs—growling, snarling, skulking and fighting.

During this wretched experience of cavalry life my spirits were strengthened frequently by observing the imperturbable manner of Hamilton. Listening to Cloyne's sensible comments on whatever occurred and admiring the loyal spirit of little Brannard, to whom whatever the government did through any of its officials seemed entirely right. Whenever my mind was troubled because I didn't understand the full meaning of everything that was done or left undone Brannard would remind me that if I knew everything about the war I probably wouldn't be a private soldier, but general of the army or perhaps president of the United States.

"Leave something, a little something, to the colonel or the war department or at least the president," Brannard would say. "If you could do and manage everything, as you seem to wish, the higher officials wouldn't have anything to do but draw their pay, don't you see?"

There was some truth in this, and such a remark would generally pacify me for a few hours. I think, however, that I got most comfort out of my spurs and the joy I anticipated for the time when I should have a horse and tickle his flanks. My father had never allowed one of his horses to be touched with a spur—my experience with old Rover was unknown to him—so there was a pleasure in store for me. And what spurs they were! I had brought them from New York. They were "Mexicans," the wheels nearly three inches in diameter, with points as long as a shingle nail, and they gave out a bell-like jangle as I walked, which was such sweet music to my ear that I never was without them. I even wore them to bed, for as no one removed any of his clothing when lying down for the night on the floor of his tent, where was the use in taking off one's spurs?

One night this question was answered to some extent. Our tent was round, and the 15 men who lived in it slept with heads toward the outside and feet to the center. By early November the nights were so cold that a man needed a blanket as well as his uniform to keep him warm. Several recruits who admired my spurs had purchased others as much like them as possible of the regimental sutler or storekeeper, and they wore them continually. One evening after our tentful had enjoyed a private supper of fried-seed goose, purchased from a colored

woman, we all lay down peacefully to sleep. Whether the geese—there were two, of them—were underdone or too rich for men whose ordinary supper was dry bread and sauce of dried apples I don't know, but some of us were affected in our dreams very much like small children after Christmas dinner and unlimited candy. How the trouble began I do not know, but I awoke from a dream of being heavily shackled in a rebel dungeon to find a terrible uproar and struggle going on in the tent, which was as black as Egypt during the plague of darkness. To make matters worse, the most serious part of my dream seemed still in operation, for I could not liberate my feet when I tried to crawl away from the center.

"What blanketed cuss has been tying our feet together?" roared one man.

"Let go of my blanket," shouted another, "or I'll break your head!"

"You're a nice one to talk," said a third, "when it's you that's making all the trouble!"

Meanwhile I, who had just awoke and didn't know anything about the difficulty, was being dragged one way and another by my feet, so I raised my own voice and complained of unfair treatment.

The din awoke the first sergeant, one of the only two noncommissioned officers yet appointed for our company, and he opened the tent flap and roared:

"Keep quiet here or I'll send you all to the guardhouse!"

"I'd be greatly obliged, sergeant," said Brannard plaintively, "if you'd send me there right away, if only to get out of this frightful snarl!"

"Strike a light," said the sergeant.

Hamilton, who always carried matches, scratched one and lighted the candle, which was in a socket on the tent pole; then, as I struggled to a sitting posture, I beheld an odd spectacle. Nearly all the men in the tent seemed bound together by the feet by blankets or held down by blankets stretched tightly across their legs. After each man had investigated for himself a little while it appeared that the men with Mexican spurs, like all the others, had been tossing uneasily in their sleep, all on account of the goose supper, and had worked the point of their spurs through the blankets over their feet. As the blankets greatly overlapped one another at the center, a spur as often as not had contracted an entangling alliance with some other fellow's blanket, and the harder the wearer tried in his sleep to free himself, tossing and straining, the worse became the misery.

"Unloose yourselves!" said the sergeant.

"Unloose thunder!" shouted a big ex-drayman from New York. "You can't unloose a tie till you find the end, and the ends of these blankets is all inside somewhere!"

"Be jabbers," grunted an Irishman. "I believe some spalpeen has stole the lads and tuk 'em away."

We picked and pulled and tugged and lost our tempers, and the few men who weren't in the tangle drew out of the crowd and laughed and jeered. Finally one desperate man drew his pocket-knife and began to cut himself loose. The others followed his example, and after five minutes of hard work we were free, with an immense heap of woolen rags in the center of the tent and a hard tuft on each spur to tell how the wretchedness began.

"No spurs in bed hereafter," said the captain, who had come over to see the fun and was nearly choking in an effort to keep down his laughter and his dignity. It took an hour of time next day to get the fragments of blanket from my spur wheels, and I wasn't helped by the fellows who sat around and said I was to blame for the whole row, for no one would have bought those infernal spurs if I hadn't set the example.

## CHAPTER VI.

AT LAST.



NE night as we were falling asleep just after taps the first sergeant came to our tent and said:

"All men turn out to draw revolvers and ammunition. The whole regiment starts on scout right after breakfast in the morning. The horses will reach camp tonight."

And that glorious, soul thrilling order was delivered in as careless tones as if the sergeant had merely come in for a man to carry wood for the cook. I made up my mind that the sergeant was not the man for his place and that the captain showed himself unfit for his business by appointing such a man.

Nevertheless I hurried to the sergeant's tent, and my soul thrilled with patriotic joy as I saw the great wooden box full of revolvers of the heaviest caliber. I knew something about revolvers, my father having invented one and allowed me to help him in some of his experiments. I mentally made the calculation right there that if each man in the regiment fired only one shot at close quarters, which is all the revolver is fit for in war, there would be about 1,000 fewer effective men in the Confederate army by the time we returned.

Besides the revolver each man received a holster, to be worn at the belt, a cartridge box and a box for percussion caps, for this was before the days of metallic cartridges. When the sergeant began to issue ammunition, however, his language suddenly became unfit for publication, for the department quartermaster, who was 30 or 40 miles away, had by mistake sent carbine cartridges, which, of course, were far too large for revolvers.

The sergeant reported the fact to the captain, while big Pat Callahan, of whom I had seen as little as possible, recalled old times by saying it was "all the gov'ment's fault, an' if the gov'ment's brains was turned into gunpowder there wouldn't be enough to blow it to"—perdition. The captain used

language which proved that he was not a member of the church, but suddenly he dived into the big box in which the pistols had come and drew forth a bullet mold.

"Does any one here know how to load revolvers with loose ammunition?" he asked.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Cloyne, touching his hat.

"I, too," said I.

"And I," said Hamilton.

"Good," said the captain. "You three break up carbine cartridges, make a fire, remold the bullets and load all the pistols. Six shots apiece will be better than none. Sergeant, collect the revolvers."

Then the men returned to their tents, more than half of them joining big Pat Callahan in cursing the government. Hamilton and I began breaking cartridges, while Cloyne started a fire near the cookhouse and looked for something in which to melt the lead. After much searching he settled on one of the cool's frying pans. Then he had to boil the bullets in water to get the grease from them, so an hour passed before we had any new bullets.

That job of loading pistols hung on amazingly. Some of the cylinders did not work well, so we had to "nurse" them, for it would never do for any man to be without a pistol in the face of the enemy. I became so sleepy that I had to pinch myself to keep awake. Once in awhile Cloyne did not close the mold tightly before pouring the lead, so the balls would be a little too



Down beside me came Nick McTugny.

large to fit the cylinders, and we tried to make them smaller by scraping the sides with our pocketknives. Daylight began to dawn, and still 20 or more revolvers remained unloaded. Reveille blew, the captain came to look on, spoke impatiently and then said we were doing very well. Breakfast call sounded, and the men got not only their breakfast, but three days' rations to pack in their haversacks. Still we had some unloaded pistols. Then one man after another came up and told about the horses and made me almost wild with anticipation and fear, the latter because they said each man was allowed to select his horse, so what would be left for us but the poorest nags of the hundred?

Finally the last revolver was charged. I went at a double quick pace to the cookhouse for my breakfast and rations. The latter consisted of hard tack and a great piece of pork. How was I to put that lump of fat into my haversack? I had not even a bit of paper, much less a saucer or box. I settled the matter by throwing it away. Fat pork was disgusting stuff anyhow. Then, eating as I ran, I hurried to the stable.

The stable orderly looked at me, grinned most offensively and pointed to the only horse that remained. I went into the stall to look at him, but got out again just in time to save myself from a kick. There was no time to be lost, for most of the men had already mounted and were being cursed into some sort of line in the company street.

"Fall in on the extreme left!" roared the captain. I obeyed orders, being near there already. A mounted sergeant was already there, but he was not there a moment later. He went to the hospital with a compound fracture of the lower leg, caused by the hoofs of my horse, and he never saw active service again.

As we sat there and were again brought to some semblance of line, the captain remembered that he had not yet appointed his full complement of noncommissioned officers. The company was entitled to eight sergeants and eight corporals, of whom only five sergeants had been designated, and one of these had been sent to the rear by my horse. Of corporals we had none.

"Who loaded those pistols?" asked the captain.

"Cloyne, Hamilton and Frost," replied the first sergeant.

"And Brannard," said I from the left.

"Cloyne," said the captain, "you will act as sergeant; Hamilton, sergeant—and commissary; Frost—"

How did my jacket buttons succeed in holding in my heart during that glorious second of anticipation? I forgot every annoyance and disappointment of the past. Military ability, even if only displayed in loading revolvers, was to be recognized and rewarded. The captain was a splendid fellow. I wanted to order three cheers for him at once, but just then a familiar grating voice rose from the center of the line.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Only Way to Prove It.

"Which do you think should be more highly esteemed, money or brains?"

"Brains," answered Senator Sorghum. "But nowadays the only way a man can convince people that he has brains is to get money."—Washington Star.

First Publication 11-12-01

## Notice of Application.

Wood County Court.  
STATE OF WISCONSIN, ss  
COUNTY OF WOOD.  
In the matter of the behest of Oscar Balch, deceased.  
On this 11th day of November, A. D. 1902, upon reading and filing the petition of South Bluff Cattle Company among other things stating that Oscar Balch, of the county of Wood, died testate, on or about the 15th day of January, 1874, more than four years ago leaving no personal property and praying that the heirs of said Oscar Balch be determined.  
It is Ordered, That said application be heard before me, at the probate office in the city of Grand Rapids, in said Wood county, on the 24th day of December, A. D. 1902 at ten o'clock a. m.  
And it is further Ordered, That notice of the time and place appointed for hearing said application be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper printed in said county, previous to the time appointed for said hearing.  
By the court, W. J. CONWAY, County Judge.

(First Publication 12-16-01)

## Notice of Application.

Wood County Court—In Probate.  
STATE OF WISCONSIN, ss  
COUNTY OF WOOD.  
In the matter of the estate of Sheridan Jesmer, deceased.  
On this 24th day of December, A. D. 1902, upon reading and filing the petition of Fayette Jesmer stating that Sheridan Jesmer, of the county of Wood, died testate, on or about the 22nd day of November, 1902, and praying that she, Phyllis Jesmer, be appointed administratrix of the estate of said deceased.  
It is Ordered, That said application be heard before me, at the probate office in the city of Grand Rapids, on the 6th day of January, A. D. 1903, at 10 o'clock a. m.  
And it is further Ordered, That notice of time and place appointed for hearing said application be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper printed in said county, previous to the time appointed for said hearing.  
By the court, W. J. CONWAY, County Judge.

## Where to Buy Shoes.

It is well to remember that there is a good store where you can get the best shoe service. Some day you will want a pair in a hurry and you may not know where to go.

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- NO. 3. Two lots, each 66x122 feet, in Harris addition. House 20x30, 12-foot posts; nine rooms, six rooms down stairs; dining room and kitchen have hardwood floors, parlor and bedroom finished in oil; electric lights. This is a well built house and a bargain at \$1,500.00.
- NO. 4. One acre of ground on west side with a good 12x16, five room house at \$800.
- NO. 5. One acre on west side with a good 12x16, four room house, barn and wagon shed. \$900.00.
- NO. 6. As a whole or in part, six large lots, together with a well built house and a good barn, conveniently located on the west side.

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# POLITICS and— CORNELIA

By Elizabeth A. Hyde

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"A man in my position," he said pompously, "is called upon to do many disagreeable things."

Cornelia subdued a laugh behind her fan. How funny he was! Cornelia had a provoking sense of humor and was always seeing jokes where none was intended.

She moved her rocker farther into the shadow and looked down on the man in the full glare of the street lamp. He had his profile turned at just the right angle, as usual. It was a handsome profile, and Cornelia was so used to it that when, on one occasion, he failed to present it directly she asked him, with one of her slow, inscrutable smiles, to do so. He did not see the sarcasm beneath her fun, and his insufferable conceit was undoubtedly flattered.

"Disagreeable things?" she said lightly. "Why, what are they? Tell me about them."

"Well, there's choosing among clerks for promotion, for one thing, and dismissing them when you can't keep them. For another—widows and mothers who come weeping into your office and faint on your sofa and have to be taken home in cabs."

"Oh, dear, how sad! Do you have to say who is to go? It must be very hard."

"It is. There are other things that are just bores, like recommendations, for example. Hardly a day passes but some young fellow asks me for a letter to his chief or a senator or representative. Of course it's easy enough to dictate a few lines of stuff just to satisfy him, but it's a bore to have him come, especially when he comes again because the letter was no good."

"But aren't the letters any good?" asked Cornelia in real surprise. "I thought you had such—oh, such wonderful influence now. I thought any letter of yours would get any one anything."

The man looked up with a grim smile.

"Oh, of course I can get anything I really want," he said. "I've fixed several men from my state very comfortably, but these others are just boys. Miss Cornelia, looking out for a soft snap. We men can't be bothered with recommending kids."

"Weren't you ever a kid yourself, Mr. Stokes?" was on Cornelia's lips, but she checked them in time. She was thinking of one kid in particular who like these others was looking for a soft snap. At least, he had told Cornelia it was a soft snap because it meant \$4,500 a year to him and something more precious besides, but there was hard work in it, and he knew it. Cornelia knew all about it. When "the kid" had asked her to marry him it was not because she admired his classic profile (even she could hardly call it that), and instead of blaming herself and fate she had found that life had suddenly become grander, sweeter and better worth the living. She wished she could ask this man to help him, to give him the letter the commissioner required and which she knew the boy was going to request. That hateful red tape! The commissioner had said, "Yes, undoubtedly young Beale is the man for the place, but how are we to give it to him when he seems to have no political backing at all, whereas that fellow Morris, who hasn't the sense he was born with, has the whole senate or near it?"

"The kids don't understand the tricks of the trade, you see," the man went on. "They think a letter's a letter and go off grinning, expecting to be in the cabinet in four years and president in eight. They're too soft to know that nine out of ten letters are shams and not worth the paper they're written on."

Cornelia felt a distinct hatred of this man who could speak so cruelly. How she detested him for saying "kids!" She wished he would go.

"How do you manage with the recipients of the letters?" she asked, to make conversation. "Don't they honor all from the Hon. Gilbert Stokes?"

"No," he replied. "They all know the little finishing touch that makes it important. If we mean what we say and really want a fellow to get a job, we pin a visiting card to the top of the letter. If there's no card, it means no job. Simple, isn't it? When the letters go by hand, the boys think it's a little dodge to prevent forgery or something of that sort, and we never have any trouble."

Cornelia's throat tightened. "I—I don't see how you can do that," she said stiffly. "But—but I suppose—with a swift change of tone—you can't help it, of course. And how do you do it?"

"It's not much of a story," he said, and it was not, but Cornelia listened with breathless interest and was glad that he wandered on from one topic to another, requiring only monosyllabic replies from her. She sat in the grateful shadow above him, her cheeks burning and her usually quiet hands furling and unfurling her fan. When he rose to go, she said good night with unwonted cordiality and watched him as he strode down the street past the merry doorstep parties out of sight. But long after the last noisy group had dispersed she still sat there thinking.

The boy came up stairs two steps at a time and nearly knocked Cornelia over at the top.

"It's come, dear!" he cried, catching her in his arms to steady them both. "So you can order your trousseau at

Isn't he a brick?"

The quick color flew to Cornelia's cheeks.

"Oh," she said. "You got my note? I'm so glad, dear. May I see the letter?"

She took it with trembling fingers and read it through. It was addressed to the commissioner and asked in courteous and well chosen phrases that the writer's esteemed young friend, Geoffrey Beale, be appointed to the position he sought. The letter was spotless and correct in every detail, but there was no sign of a card either on the letter or in the envelope, the latter containing only Geoffrey's letter of transmittal.

"Will you let me show it to mother, dear?" the girl asked, refolding it. "She will like to see it, of course. It is fine, isn't it?" she rattled on. "Just what you needed. It is so kind of Mr. Stokes. I will be back in a minute or two."

She found her mother and read the precious page to her; then, running noiselessly on the soft carpets, she went to her own room. Hastily selecting a visiting card from the tray on her desk, she pinned it to the letter and closed the envelope. Her heart was beating wildly, and her fluttering hands could hardly hold the letter. She stood an instant undecided, then dropped on her knees beside the bed.

"Dear God," she whispered, "don't let it be wicked—please don't let it be wicked, dear God! I don't mean it to be, and it is the only way." She knelt a moment with bowed head, then went quietly down stairs.

"Mother thinks it is lovely, dear," she said. "See! I have closed it for you, with all my love and best wishes for its success. Won't that give it luck?"

They went out together and posted it. In the evening the man came again.

"A queer thing happened yesterday," he said. "You remember our talk last week about writing letters of introduction? Well, I wrote one yesterday for that young fellow Beale—you know him, I believe—and my man failed to put the card in. I want Beale to get the place. He's a really capable man. I found the card on the desk after the mail had gone out. I wrote to the commissioner at once. It will be all right, of course, but I wonder how often that sort of thing happens."

Cornelia gripped the arms of her chair tightly and stared straight ahead of her into the darkness. The man studied her face.

"That was—that is so kind of you, Mr. Stokes," she said gently. "Geoffrey—I mean Mr. Beale—will be very grateful. We have been so—so anxious for him to succeed."

The man smiled grimly. Then he said "Good night!" and went down the street slowly, as if he was not quite sure of the way.

## Her Dog.

A bachelor girl who hurried home each evening from her studio with the picture always before her of the small friend who was to greet her at the door of her apartment in a wriggling ecstasy of welcome had a guest one evening who did not go in so much for dogs as he did for bachelor girls. The girl had rebuked her small friend rather sharply for barking at the man who didn't care for dogs, and the former had taken refuge under a table.

"Do you really think dogs are worth while?" asked the man.

"Make a gesture as though you were to strike me," replied the girl.

The man did so. In an instant the small friend that a moment before had been beaten and had crawled under the table to brood over his wrongs was standing beside his mistress with hackles up and teeth gleaming, growling ominously at the guest. "Do you know what he is growling at you?" asked the girl. "It's only a paraphrase, but the original once made a nation's blood tingle. When I think of how I have humiliated and shamed him before you and of how he stands here now on guard, I am foolish enough to feel my own blood tingle. His growl, translated, means, 'My mistress—right or wrong?'"—New York Telegram.

## A Missing Point.

"Professor," said an acquaintance, "you understand Latin, do you not?"

"Well," replied the professor, "I may be said to have a fair knowledge of Latin; yes."

"I know everybody says you have. I wish you would tell me what 'volix' means. Nobody that I have asked seems to have heard the word."

"If there is any such word as 'volix,' madam, of which I have serious doubts, I certainly do not know what it means."

"You surprise me, professor. A man of your attainments ought to know that 'volix' means vol. ix."

The professor devoted a moment to calling up his reserves and bringing his light artillery into action.

"It is no wonder, madam," he said, "that I did not see the point of your joke. You left the point out of it."

## Imagination.

"Some folks," says a New York hotel clerk, "are so easily 'hornswoggled.' Oh, that's Greek, I guess, and means that you are fooled. Now, for instance, a man in a restaurant the other day ordered broiled mackerel, and he ate it with great relish, loudly declaring that broiling is the only way to cook mackerel. But was his mackerel broiled? Not much. It is too much trouble to broil a fish, so the cook put it in a pan and fried it and then made burned lines across it with a red-hot poker kept in readiness for such emergencies. So the man was 'hornswoggled,' but, as he didn't know it, he was as happy as though he had really eaten broiled mackerel. I tell you, imagination is three-fourths of life."

# Remedy

[Original.]

It happened when I was attending medical lectures. One day I went from a clinic to my room, sat in my easy chair and lighted a pipe. I expected my mother, who was coming to town, at any moment.

"Great Scott! What's that?" From my bedroom came a clear, melodious whistle. The air was, "Oh, listen to the mocking bird!" and after the chorus came an excellent imitation of the bird's notes. When it was finished, a sweet feminine voice said:

"Why don't you do your part, Billy?" My name is not Billy, and I never did any part in the song of "The Mocking Bird."

What occupied my mind was who had taken possession of my bedroom to give such a concert. I got up from my chair and proceeded to find out. The door between the two rooms opened, and there stood a very pretty girl.

We stood looking at one another for a moment equally astonished. Then she executed the feminine device, taken doubtless from the bird which buries its head in the sand to avoid being seen, of clapping her hands to her face.

"There is evidently some mistake," I remarked.

"An awful mistake."

"How did you get into my bedroom?"

"I thought it was Billy's."

"Who is Billy?"

"My brother, Billy Fanning."

"Why, he's my chum. His rooms are next to mine."

There was a knock at my sitting room door. The girl shrunk back into my bedroom, and I closed the door.

Turning, there was a head looking in to the room—my mother.

"Dear boy!"

"Dear mother!"

Oh, if there were only a door opening from my bedroom into the hall! But there was no such door. The girl could not leave my room except by the one we were in.

"You are tired, mother, at climbing the stairs. Sit in this chair and rest."

I put her in the chair and listened to and asked the usual questions after a separation.

"I haven't any refreshment to offer you, mother, dear, but if you'll just step next door to the rooms of my friend Billy Fanning I dare say I can find something."

"I don't want anything. I have only an hour to spend with you and must get right to work at your linen."

"There's not a break in it. I looked over everything carefully last night."

"And I'll look over everything carefully this morning."

She arose and was going to my bedroom. Indeed she had her hand on the doorknob when I stopped her.

"Mother," I said, with a trembling voice.

"Oh, my boy, what's the matter?"

"Mother, before you go in there I have something of importance to communicate."

"Do tell me, quick! Has anything happened?"

"Mother, I'm engaged."

"Engaged and without consulting your poor mother! Oh, Roger, how could you?"

"And, mother, my fiancée is in that room now attending to my linen."

"Your fiancée in there! Then I'll never speak to her!"

"But, mother, it's worse yet. I haven't told you all. I'm married. It's my wife who is in there."

Poor mother sank into my arms and groaned.

"Mother, when you see her you'll be delighted. She's lovely. She's Billy Fanning's sister."

"I don't care who she is. I'll have nothing to do with her."

Now, I had purposely talked sufficiently loud for the girl in the next room to hear. She did hear and lent herself to my desperate makeshift. She opened the door and stepped boldly out.

"Mother, this is Miss—I mean my wife. I know you will love her and she will love you."

The girl walked up to mother, kissed her and asked in a voice into which she contrived to throw a tremolo. "Can you forgive us?"

"You are a very sweet looking girl," said my mother, somewhat appeased.

"Yes, mother, and when you've known her as long as I have you'll admit she's as lovely as she looks."

The girl turned away suddenly. Mother supposed it was to hide her blushes at my encomium. I caught a glimpse of her face in a mirror and saw that it was to hide laughter.

"Well, Roger, you've been a very bad boy to do this clandestinely, but I dare say when I hear the explanation I'll understand it all and not blame you."

"Yes, mother." Then I said to my supposed wife, who was making for the sitting room door. "Must you go so soon, dear?"

"Yes, but I've not touched your linen. Your mother won't have to give that up for some time yet."

When I got mother off, I went next door, where I found Miss Fanning.

"This is a serious matter," I said to her. "and I see but one way out of it. I offer you my heart and hand and ask you to consider my proposition as long as we can deceive my mother. Then we must be married or suffer the consequences."

We kept mother quiet for thirty days and told several lies each day. Then there was an announced engagement, followed by a public wedding.

Billy Fanning and my wife often whistle "The Mocking Bird" together to piano accompaniment, but my wife invariably fails to keep the required number.

F. A. MITCHEL.

goes in for extravagant fads, but the man who maintains good social position and who entertains liberally, were to balance up his personal account for the year, it might contain these charges without comparative extravagance:

House or apartment and service.....	\$10,000
Valet .....	500
Clubs .....	1,000
Restaurant and entertaining.....	12,000
Clothing .....	5,000
Automobiles .....	3,000
Chartered yacht .....	10,000
Cards .....	5,000
Bad loans .....	3,000
Horses, coach, grooms, etc.....	10,000
Total .....	\$32,500

These are the more or less fixed items of expense, and any one who has ever attempted to keep a personal account knows that when you have put down the necessary expenses you may add almost as much for the thousand and one things that may be grouped conveniently under the head of "incidental expenses." In a general way it may be said that the millionaire bachelor who spends from \$75,000 to \$100,000 a year is living his life in accordance with the demands of the time on men of wealth.—Ainslee's.

## A Catch Bet.

Turn round, and, with your back to the table, ask somebody to throw the dice. Then tell the person who threw them to double the number of the spots on the die on the left, and keep the number to himself. Tell him to add five, then multiply by five. To this figure have him add the number of spots on the die in the middle and multiply the product by ten.

Then ask him to multiply the number of spots on the third die and give you the aggregate sum. From the amount subtract mentally 250, and the remainder will show in the three figures the number of spots on each of the three dice. For instance, take three dice. Their numbers are three, five and two. Double the one on the left—five plus five equals ten. Add five, equals fifteen. Multiply by five, equals seventy-five. Add the number of spots on the die in the middle, three, equals eighty-eight. Multiply by ten, equals 880. Add number of spots on the third die, two, equals 882. Subtract 250 and 522 remains, which are numbers on the dice.

## Why the Audience Laughed.

At a public entertainment recently a conjurer had an experience which was highly comical, though quite disastrous from a professional point of view.

Having produced an egg from a previously empty bag, he announced that he would follow up this trick by bringing from the bag the hen that laid the egg. This little arrangement he left to his confederate to carry out. He proceeded to draw the bird from the bag, but what was his surprise on finding that the alleged hen was an old rooster, which strutted about the stage with ruffled feathers and offended dignity and set up as vigorous a crowing as if it had just awakened from its nocturnal slumbers.

The whole audience shrieked with laughter, and the unfortunate conjurer made a bolt for the dressing room.

## The Tumbleweed.

The tumbleweed is a curious plant, indigenous to the western prairies. It grows in all directions from a central stem, making a large flat head, close to the ground. In the fall, after being touched by the frost or dried by the weather, the stem breaks off, the head becomes the sport of the wind and is driven off across the prairie, scattering seeds as it goes and finally bringing up against some obstruction which arrests its progress. These weeds have been seen piled ten feet high against a fence, driven there by the wind.

## Jack Tar as a Critic.

At an auction art sale the other day a marine view was about to be knocked down at a handsome figure when a bluff sailor, who had happened to wander in, exclaimed earnestly:

"My stars, if there ain't a vessel drifting on to the rocks with a strong breeze blowing offshore!"

The artist took his work home to rearrange the wind.

## She Was Surprised.

Mrs. Neighbors—What's that awful racket in the next room?

Mrs. Rounder—Oh, that's only my husband dressing to go downtown.

Mrs. Neighbors—Indeed! I've heard folk say he was a loud dresser, but I had no idea it was anything like that.

—Chicago News.

## No One Made a Motion.

"Kin any one make a motion?" asked one of the audience. "Gents," said Alkali Bill, chairman of the meeting, as he laid his revolver on the table, "owing to the general custom of wearing weapons in these parts I trust no one will make a motion."—Philadelphia Record.

## A Mean Defense.

Magistrate—It's very disgraceful that you should beat your wife.

Prisoner—Well, yer honor, she aggravated me by keepin' on sayin' she'd 'ave me hup afore that bald-headed hold 'umbug, meanin' yer honor.

Magistrate—You're discharged.

## A Comparison.

"How'd ye like the lecturer at the town hall last night, Si?"

"Great! He was a Boston feller, an' I swan, I never laughed so hard in my life. He knew more long words than a negro minstrel."—Baltimore American.

## A Little Close.

"You married a rich wife, didn't you?" asked Jones of his friend.

"Yes," he sighed, "but she's not declared any dividend yet."

# A SHREW

[Original.]

"I'm afraid," said my friend Peter Bliss, "that the girl I'm going to marry is a shrew."

"You are Pete, and she is Katherine. Why not try Petrucio's plan?"

"A character in Shakespeare's play of the 'Taming of the Shrew.' He pretended to be fiercer than his wife Katherine and in this way brought her under subjection."

"That's not a bad idea."

The next time I saw Peter Bliss was at the club. His wife was in the country, and he was living a bachelor's life. I went up to him and offered my hand, which he took very coolly.

"What's the matter, old man?"

"What did you put me on to that Petrucio business for?"

"Didn't it work?"

"Oh, yes, it worked, but in a different way from the play."

I lighted a cigar and sat down by him.

"We had been married a week," he said, "and returned from our wedding trip. I got down that play you told me about and read it. The first thing that Petrucio did to show his spunk was to complain at dinner that the meat was not properly cooked and send it away."

I suppose this was to starve his wife into subjection. Well, I concluded to try the same scheme. At our first meal I flourished the carving knife and cried out that the meat was burned to a crisp and not fit to eat. Kate sat looking at me in astonishment.

"Bridget," I yelled, "take away this meat, and the next time you roast a piece of beef in this house don't cook it all day!"

"With this I got up from the table and went out, slamming the door after me."

"I didn't go home till late, because I wanted to give Kate time to think over what a terrible fellow I was and make up her mind to smooth me down gently. When I went up stairs, I found that she had gone off into the guestroom to sleep, leaving me our bedroom to rave in as much as I liked. Although I was disappointed that she had not received me humbly after the outbreak and endeavored to pacify me, it was plain that she was afraid of me, and this was so much to the good. I didn't sleep very well and the next morning went down to breakfast feeling much in need of a good cup of coffee. Entering the dining room, I was surprised to see no cloth on the table. What I did see was a note from Kate saying that as the servant had departed bag and baggage the day before there would be no meals served in the house for the present. She (Kate) had gone to her mother's for breakfast, and I could get mine where I liked."

"The result of the first move was not quite satisfactory. I didn't seem to have terrified my wife, and I had been the means of losing a very good servant. The truth is that I didn't have the heart to go any further. Nevertheless, after I had got a miserable cup of coffee at a restaurant (I didn't dare to come here for fear of having to answer questions), I went back home and, sitting at my wife's writing desk, wrote her a note directing her to return to the house, and a servant and behave herself. I sent it by a messenger, directing that the answer be brought to me at the office. I was afraid I wouldn't get an answer, but I did. My wife informed me that as I had been the cause of the servant leaving she would expect me to secure another, when she would go home at once."

"There was nothing to do but hunt the intelligence offices, question girls and engage one. I went through a lot of them, selected the best of the lot and hired her, but she never appeared. Then I went through the terrible work a second time, with the same result. The third girl I engaged appeared, but while waiting for me to get home the servant next door told her what a frightful temper I had, and she told me when I came she had decided that she did not want to stay."

"Meanwhile I had not sent a word to my wife, hoping that my silence would trouble her. I resolved now to write her that she was leaving work to me that really belonged to her and that it was her duty to come home and attend to the servant matter herself. I was surprised to receive a very kind note in reply, saying that I was quite right. She was the proper person to engage a girl and she would gladly do so provided the girl was not to be treated as the last one had been treated. The note ended very sympathetically."

"What I had to do in order to return to comfort was to make a simple promise not to make an ass of myself again and all would be well, but this was surrender, and I assumed that it meant living under subjection for the rest of my life. However, it was the only thing to do, and when I did it I apologized handsomely, adding that I had tried the experiment of living without her, but had found she was not only necessary to run the house, but it was desolate without her."

"I got no reply to the note, but when I went home at dinner time my wife met me at the door, threw her arms about me and made me happy as a king. The servant I had abused was cooking a dinner, and the house was in perfect order. Kate has since given me my way all I have wanted."

"It's my opinion about women," added Peter, "that to have your own way with them you've first got to make a complete surrender. Then you can do what you like. I don't believe that Petrucio story had any foundation in fact whatever."

MARTIN C. WINSTON.

# G. W. Paulus

Buys and Sells

Farms, Lands,  
Homes & Lots.

Insures Your  
Property Against  
Fires, Tornadoes  
In First class  
Companies.

Loans Money on First  
Class Securities.

For particulars  
Write or call on me at  
Grand Rapids, Wis.  
Office in Wood County  
Nat'l Bank Block.  
Phone 200.

# FINE FINISHED PHOTOGRAPHS...

That is the only kind of work that is turned out at the Morterud Studio. Every photo that is made is as near perfect as it is possible to get it before it is delivered. I have several new styles of mounts that are especially fetching for holiday work, and if you contemplate having any photos made for this season you should come now, and there will be no question of your getting them in plenty of time.

# Morterud's STUDIO, EAST SIDE

# HARNESS HAPPENINGS

When looking for anything in the harness line, don't forget that J. H. Landry, whose shop is near the bridge on the West side, is always ready to supply your wants. He keeps everything in the line of harnesses and horse goods and his prices are so low that once you have traded with him you will look him up again. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

# J. H. LANDRY

WEST SIDE.  
NEAR BRIDGE.

GRAND RAPIDS, - WIS.

# A. GITCHELL, PRACTICAL PLUMBER

Is now located at B. Metzger's  
old shop on the east side.

## DEPARTMENT SHOPS.

You can get your Plumbing  
and House Heating done.

Your Pumps repaired or new  
Pumps and Iron Pipe.

Your Horses Shod and Black-  
smithing done.

Your Wagons, Sleighs or  
Buggies repaired and painted  
and all kinds of wood work.

Each branch has a practical  
mechanic and we can turn out  
first class work in each depart-  
ment. All orders promptly at-  
tended to. Telephone 39.

# A. GITCHELL, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin

# ALL KINDS OF COAL

&lt;



BY DRUMH &amp; SUTOR.

Grand Rapids, Wis., Dec., 24 1902

Entered at the Post Office at Grand Rapids, Wis., as second-class mail matter.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months.....75

AN exchange says, "With continued improvement in automobile manufacture the horseless vehicle will soon be within the reach of people with moderate means. At the present time the smaller class of automobiles are sold at from \$650 to \$1,000."

Yes, that the trouble, the bloomers machines are so cheap now that no self-respecting editor would have one of them.

THE Pure Food bill was passed by the house on Friday. This bill prohibits the introduction into any state or territory any adulterated food or commodities used in the production of food which may contain adulterations of any kind. It also applies to candy. The law is certainly a good measure and should be enforced. Adulterated food of all kinds has become so common at this age that anything pure is more the exception than the rule.

EVERY politician, every catch-phrase sage, every candidate for bankruptcy, has a cure for the trusts. We have faith enough to believe that by patience, wisdom and deliberation the errors of our rapid commercial advance may be corrected without killing our wide prosperity. Anyone can kill, it takes a surgeon to cure.—Eau Claire Leader.

The only persons who are not advancing any theories as to how to cure trusts are the fellows who are a part of the trusts. They don't seem to care about having the trusts cured.

SOME time ago a Jesse James show contracted with the opera house manager at Northfield, Minn., to put on the show. Northfield is the place where the Younger brothers of the James gang made their last grand stand play, and after the contract was made the manager of the opera house discovered that the sentiment was strong against the play, so he cancelled the engagement. The manager of the company sued the opera house management and secured damages to the extent of \$250. The manager of the opera house should have let the play go, and if was anything like the production that occurred in this city the citizens would probably have taken the matter into their own hands and the opera house manager would have been saved all further trouble.

## Another Drainage District.

Stevens Point Gazette: Petitions have been published for the formation of drainage districts in Portage, Wood and Waushara counties, the object being to drain its marsh lands, including that known as Buena Vista marsh, in this county. Some 18,000 acres of this land are owned by Mrs. Bradley, a wealthy lady of Peoria Ill., and Mr. Hammond, of the same city, who has spent more or less time in Stevens Point during the past year or two. The drainage districts in this county alone comprises 48,800 acres, and the ditches to be made will cover a distance of about 42 miles. They will be 32 feet wide at the top, slanting downward to a depth of 8 feet. The water from these ditches will run into what is known as Ten Mile creek, Buena Vista creek and Duck creek, which creeks empty into the Wisconsin river.

LANDS on this marsh, which two years ago sold at \$2.50 and less per acre, now bring from \$7 to \$8 per acre, and as soon as the drainage system is established, they will be worth several times that amount. Several Portage county farmers, as well as the Wisconsin Land & Improvement Co., of this city, own large tracts of this marsh land. The drainage taxes to be assessed upon the land when the district is finally and legally established, will be levied in such a manner that it will not prove to be a burden upon the owners, as it will be levied in annual installments. Within the next few years what has heretofore been practically a worthless tract, covering a total of nearly 100,000 acres in the three counties mentioned, except as to the hay cut thereon, will be transferred into as rich farms as can be found in the state.

## School Apportionment.

Superintendent of Schools Harvey has reported to the secretary of state the apportionment of the school fund income among the common schools of the state. The total amount to be paid out by the state to schools this year is \$1,631,626.10 which is \$42,000 more than last year. Wood county's share will be \$32,085.68. There are about 9,000 more children of school age than a year ago. The income is raised mainly from the one-mill tax, to which is added the income on invested funds and fines in criminal cases. The latter item amounted to \$17,957.84 this year.

## Unclaimed Letters.

West Side.  
List of letters unclaimed in the west side postoffice, for the week ending Dec. 23, 1902.

Decker, Hazel Newman, Adolph  
Erickson, Lily Oakland, J. H.  
Freda, Lena Ott, Fern  
Grose, Mary Payne, H. H.  
Gaulke, Wm. Verro, Albert  
Loggy, Wm. Walters, Frank

Persons calling for the above named letters will please say "advertised."  
R. A. McDONALD, Postmaster.

—The following testimonial was received from Mr. John W. Young, an old soldier and highly respected citizen of Lincoln, Ill., who says, "I had a severe cough and cold and I decided to get some kind of medicine. I purchased a bottle of Harts' Honey and Horehound, and am pleased to say I am now well. I advise anyone suffering from throat or lung affection to use this high valuable remedy. I cannot recommend it too highly." Sold by Sam Church, druggist.

## LITTLE FOLKS WILL BE IN IT.

Most of the Churches Will Do Some thing for the Youngsters to Give Them a Good Time.

At the Congregational church on Christmas eve there will be a good time for the little folks, members of the Sunday school, etc. There will be exercises consisting of appropriate readings and recitations, interspersed with plenty of music. Then there will be a Christmas tree with all its attendant delights and surprises. The services occur on Wednesday evening. There will also be magic lantern slides.

At the Methodist church there will also be a pleasant evening for the little ones. A Christmas tree will be one of the chief attractions, beside which there will be an interesting program, consisting of music, singing and recitations that will assist in making up the evening's pleasure. A good time in general will be the order of the evening.

At the Episcopal church there will be services as follows: Christmas eve, choral midnight mass; Christmas day, celebration of the holy Eucharist at 10 o'clock a. m. On St. John's day, Dec. 27, Holy Eucharist at 7:30 a. m. On Friday, Dec. 26th, the Holy Eucharist at 7:30 a. m., and children's festival at 7:30 in the evening, to which all are invited.

At the Catholic church there will be midnight mass, also mass at 8:30 and 10:30 on Christmas morning.

## STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS CORSEY,  
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY,  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1902.  
A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.  
Sold by druggists, price 50c.  
Hall's Family Lin is the best.

## A New Remedy.

The old friends of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will be pleased to know that the manufacturers of that preparation have gotten out a new remedy called Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and that it is meeting with success in the treatment of constipation, biliousness, sick headache, impaired digestion and like disorders. These Tablets are easier to take and pleasant in effect than pills, then they not only move the bowels, but improve the appetite and correct any disorders of the stomach and liver. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

## Three Royal Toasts.

The "Greville Memoirs" tells this story of King William IV. of England and the Duke of Cumberland, his brother: "During dinner loud voices were heard, which soon became more vehement. Both brothers had drunk more than usual, and the duke had lost his temper and his head. Then for the first time King William suspected the idea which from that time was never out of Duke Ernest's mind, that he ought to be the next king of England should no male children survive his brother, William IV. The duke, rising, said: 'Call in the suit. I am proposing a toast. The king's health: God save the king.' The suit came in and drank it. Then the duke said, 'May I also, sir, propose the next toast? Name it, your grace,' replied the king. 'The king's heir,' proudly said the duke, 'and God bless him!'

"A dead silence followed. Then the king, collecting all his energies and wits, stood up and called out, 'The king's heir: God bless her.' Then, throwing the glass over his shoulder, he turned to his brother and exclaimed, 'My crown came with a lass, and my crown will go to a lass.' Every one noticed that the duke did not drink the toast. He left the room abruptly."

## The Tranquil Mind.

Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines or what misfortunes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene and calm.

That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul.

It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold—yes, than even fine gold. How contemptible mere money wealth looks in comparison with a serene life—a life which dwells in the ocean of truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the eternal calm!

How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their poise of character by bad blood! In fact it is a question whether the great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self control. How few people we meet in life who are well balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character.—Success.

## A Simple System.

Teacher—In what year was the battle of Waterloo fought?  
Pupil—I don't know.

Teacher—It's simple enough if you only would learn how to cultivate artificial memory. Remember the twelve apostles. Add half that number to them. That's eighteen. Multiply that by 100. That's 1,800. Take the twelve apostles again. Add a quarter of their number to them. That's fifteen. Add what you've got. That's 1,815. That's the date. Quite simple, you see, to remember dates if you will only adopt my system.

## Soon Commence Work.—It is expected by the incorporators that the factory of the Grand Rapids Wagon company will commence the manufacture of wagons by the 15th of January. The greater part of the machinery for the plant has been placed in position and the remainder will soon be in readiness. It is probable that there will be finished stock by the last of January and the company will be ready to supply the spring trade. The company will make a specialty of manufacturing wagons with iron covered hubs and those who contemplate buying anything of the sort will do well to wait until they see some of the home product as it may be just what you are looking for.

They Lost the Rubber.—Two tramps were arrested by Chief of Police Garibee on Saturday and taken before Justice Crofteau on a charge of having stolen rubbers from the store of Spafford, Cole & Co. The justice made it ten days in the county jail, and as a consequence they are now enjoying three squares a day and are able to get along without the use of rubbers. The men were seen hiding the rubbers in the rear of Steinburg's store and the police was notified of the fact. One of the men was recognized by Officer Gibson as an old rouser who had been fired out of town once before for hanging around places where he was not wanted.

Making Improvements.—A gang of workmen are engaged in enlarging the Wisconsin Central depot so that when completed there will be a room for freight 40 feet in length. The company has been crowded for room for some time past and this will relieve the pressure. The platform on the south end of the depot will also be extended so that the passenger trains coming in from that direction will not have to run onto the street crossing when they stop, which will be quite an improvement in itself.

Worked the Same Game.—The same gang of grafters that were here getting subscriptions for the Ideal Home Journal have also been at Marshfield, where it is said they cleaned up a neat little sum by their scheme. It is understood that they discontinued operations here the day after the article appeared in the Tribune last week exposing their game. Other cities have suffered in a like manner by the scheme.

Our Shortest Days.—Sunday and Monday were the shortest days of the year, and as cloudy weather much of the time did its share toward shortening them still more, there was not a great deal of daylight left. According to the almanac winter began on Monday, but it is evident that the clerk of the weather had been a little off in his calculations, or had neglected to secure an almanac.

Si Punkard Here.—There was not a very large crowd assembled at the opera house on Friday night to see Si Punkard. Those who did attend say that they put up a good show and that the orchestra they carried with them was first class. Their band also rendered some good music on the street, although the weather was too bad to allow them to give their parade as advertised.

Christmas Shoppers.—The streets of the city presented a busy appearance on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, when everybody for miles around seemed to be in town doing their Christmas shopping. The different merchants about town report a fairly good trade although the buying started later than usual this year.

Slippery Places.—One would have thought to see our citizens on Saturday that the great majority of them were sinners, as they seemed to be standing on slippery places. The rain of the previous night had covered every thing with a coating of ice, and most people found the middle of the road good enough for them.

Taking Their Vacation.—The city schools closed on Friday for the Christmas holidays. In many of the departments there were appropriate services and exercises to mark the event. Many of the teachers have gone to their homes for their vacation.

New Year Ball.—The west side firemen have their bills out for their annual ball which will be held on Thursday evening, January 1st. The New Monarch orchestra has been engaged to furnish the music which is a guarantee of its excellence.

Marriage Licenses.—The following marriage licenses have been issued by the county clerk: James E. Severas and Effie Turner, both of Pittsville; F. A. Soles of Chicago and Lizzie Helen Kolsta of Milladore.

Foils a Deadly Attack.  
"My wife was so ill that good physicians were unable to help her," writes M. M. Austin, of Winchester, Ind., "but was completely cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills." They work wonders in stomach and liver troubles. Cures constipation, sick headache. 25c at John E. Daly's drug store.

A Million Voices.  
Could hardly express the thanks of Homer Hall, of West Point, Ia. Listen why: A severe cold had settled on his lungs, causing a most obstinate cough. Several physicians said he had consumption, but could not help him. When all thought he was doomed he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and writes—"It completely cured me and saved my life. I now weigh 227 lbs." It's positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at John E. Daly's drug store.

## Music Lessons.

—Helen M. Gilkey, teacher of piano, organ, mandolin and guitar. Terms: 20 lessons 45 minutes \$10. Accompanying by the hour or term. Address card to west side. Temporarily at Mrs. Frittsinger's.

Desk Lamps.  
—A Xmas present that will do for all, also fancy shades.  
C. M. DOUGHERTY.

Mail Orders Promptly  
Attended To.

Money Always  
Cheerfully Refunded.

## JOHNSON &amp; HILL CO.

Holiday lines, suitable gifts for all, from the baby to the grandparent. We've provided suitable gifts for your choosing.

Dry Goods  
Cloaks  
Carpets  
Rugs

## Toy Department.

Toys are certainly uppermost in the children's minds nowadays and the only question is to get something they will enjoy, an easy matter if you will spend a few minutes in our toy department. There are the gay decorations for the Christmas tree—ornaments,

tinsel chains and candles. Dolls of all sizes, dressed and undressed. Funny mechanical wiggling animals, iron toys, children's and doll furniture, dishes and kitchen sets, stoves, doll beds, sleds, games of all kinds, picture books and blocks. Our prices are the lowest possible on everything.

Picture Clearing Sale—Just now pictures are going at 25 percent discount.

Mens Clothing  
Boys Clothing  
Gents Furnishings  
Hats & Caps  
Trunks & Valises

Shoes for Men  
Shoes for Ladies  
Shoes for Boys  
Shoes for Misses  
Shoes for Children

Low Rubbers  
High Top Rubbers  
Lumbermen's Rubbers  
Overshoes for Everybody

Fur Coats, Fur Jackets, Fur Robes, Mrs.

A big line of  
cotton blankets,  
wool blankets,  
comforters.

See our magnificent line of Parlor Lamps, Silver and China Ware. An immense assortment of good goods and prices so low too.

All the latest and most popular books by best authors at very low prices.

Thanking you all for your liberal patronage during 1902, we wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

## JOHNSON &amp; HILL COMPANY

## Market Prices.

The following are the market prices of produce in the city of Grand Rapids corrected on the day of publication:

Potatoes, 7 bushel.....	8.30
Wheat, No. 2, 7 bushel.....	1.50
Rye, 7 bushel.....	.41
Oats, 7 bushel.....	.31
Corn, shelled, 7 100 lbs.....	1.22
Hay, marsh, 7 ton.....	4.50
Hay, timothy, 7 ton.....	7.50
Eggs, 7 dozen.....	.25
Butter, 7 lb.....	.18 @ .22
Beans, 7 bushel.....	1.50 @ 2.00
Peas, 7 bushel.....	.70
Onions, 7 bushel.....	.25
Beef, live, 7 100 lbs.....	\$2.00 @ 2.00
Beef, dressed, 7 100 lbs.....	\$4.50 @ 5.50
Pork, live.....	5.00
Pork, dressed.....	6.50
Veal, live, 7 75.....	.64
Veal, dressed, 7 75.....	.66 @ .67
Chickens, live, 7 75.....	.7 @ .65
Chickens, dressed, 7 75.....	1.2 @ .15
Turkeys, live, 7 75.....	.8
Turkeys, dressed, 7 75.....	3 @ .17
Flour, patent, 7 bbl.....	4.20
Feed, 7 ton.....	22.50
Middlings, 7 ton.....	16.00
Brans, 7 ton.....	15.50
Boiled Corn Meal, bbl.....	8.50
Lard, 7.....	12
Whole Hams, 7.....	12
Mess Pork, bbl.....	17.50

## To cure a cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

—One big load of dry kindling wood delivered to any part of the city for \$1.25. BADGER BOX & LUMBER CO. Telephone No. 314.



## If I Only Had My Money Back

That's the way a man feels who buys lumber and building material that does not give satisfaction. He is disappointed and the dealer who sold him the lumber is minus a customer.

Well of course we can't suit everybody but we come mighty close to doing it and a man who buys from us once generally comes again. Why? Because he always gets full value for his money.

Kellogg Bros. Lumber Co.

YARDS AT  
NEKOOSA, W. GRAND RAPIDS.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. on every box. 25c.  
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove



# FRANK A. CADY,

Attorney at Law.

Offices in Wood Block, (East Side) Grand Rapids, Wisconsin. A general law business conducted.

## REAL ESTATE MATTERS A SPECIALTY

If you want to sell your farm or house and lot, list it for sale with me. If you want to buy a farm, a house in the city, or wild land, let me tell you where you can do so cheapest and best. Real estate loans and investments negotiated. Defective Titles Perfected.

## GOGGINS & BRAZEAU,

Attorneys at Law.

Office in the Mackinnon Block on the West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## WHEELAN & WHEELAN,

Attorneys at Law.

Office in the Daly Block on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## B. M. VAUGHAN,

Attorney at Law.

Real Estate Bought and Sold on Commission, Gardner Block, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## W. J. CONWAY,

Attorney at Law.

Offices in Court House, East Side, and Mackinnon Block, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## CONWAY & JEFFREY,

Attorneys at Law.

Law, Loans and Collections. We have \$20,000 which will be loaned at a low rate of interest. Office over First National Bank, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## GEO. H. METCALFE,

Attorney at Law.

Office in Mackinnon block on the west side, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

## DR. ROBT. F. ERLER,

Dentist.

Teeth extracted and filled without pain. Full sets in gold and rubber plates. Office in Corvair Building on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## DR. O. T. HOUGEN,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office over Daly's drug store on east side, Grand Rapids. Office phone No. 318, residence No. 102.

## DR. W. D. HARVIE,

Physician and Surgeon.

Specialty of eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses accurately fitted. Office over Johnson & Hill Co.'s store on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## DR. J. J. LOOZE,

Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone No. 62. Residence telephone No. 248. Office over Wood County Drug store on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## DR. A. L. RIDGMAN,

Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone No. 92. Residence phone No. 23. Office over Church's Drug Store on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## DR. F. POMAINVILLE,

Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone at office, No. 33; residence No. 248. Office in rear of Steib's Drug Store on East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## DR. D. WATERS,

Physician and Surgeon.

Night Calls at Dixon House, telephone No. 35. Office over Church's Drug Store, telephone 182, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## DR. CHAS. POMAINVILLE,

Dentist.

Telephone No. 216. Office in Pomainville Block West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## DR. D. A. TELFER,

Dentist.

Office over Wood County National Bank on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## DR. F. D. HUMPHREY,

Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate Homeopathic and Allopathic Schools. Special attention given to women and children and all chronic diseases. Office over Candy Kitchen, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## DR. A. B. CRAWFORD,

Dentist.

High grade service at reasonable fees. Office in Kelland building on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## WANT COLUMN.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be published in this column at the rate of 5 cents per line; no ad taken for less than 10 cents. If you want to buy, sell or trade anything, try the want column.

### MONEY TO LOAN—C. E. Boles.

FOR RENT.—Eight room house on east side. Inquire of Charles S. Whittlessey.

LOST—A black and tan Beagle hound. Answers to the name of Blanco. Nine months old. Finder will receive suitable reward by returning dog to L. M. Nash.

FOR SALE—A genuine buffalo robe, extra quality. Will be sold at a bargain. Now on exhibition at American express office. For terms enquire of the agent.

WANTED—A housekeeper, good cook, family of five. Address Box 23 Arden, Wis.

### From an Auctioneer.

Col. C. H. McDonald of Greenville, Ills., in a letter May 1st, 1901, says, "I am an auctioneer and being often exposed to the weather, am seriously troubled by my throat becoming irritated and hoarseness following. When troubled in this way, I always use Hart's Honey and Horchond. It is the only remedy that has ever done me any good and it positively cures. Sold by Sam Church druggist."

## SHORT LOCALS

Home is more complete with the Tribune.

A. E. Germer of Dexterville was in the city on Thursday.

E. M. Copps of Stevens Point was in town on business Friday.

—S. A. Miller's celebrated Lawellsa and Dickens were at Scott's.

Dist. Atty. E. F. Kileen of Wautoma, spent Thursday eve in this city.

Will Lyons of Elroy is the guest of his mother this week on the east side.

—Delicious Hot Chocolate Set cup at Otto's Pharmacy.

G. W. Atkins of Babcock, was a business visitor in the city on Tuesday.

Dr. A. L. Ridgman made a professional trip to Milwaukee on Thursday.

—Our cut glass is honestly cut—even to the price. A. P. Hirzy.

Andy Kauteson of Dexterville was a business visitor in the city on Friday.

Wm. Waldo, the optician, made a business trip to Marshfield the first of the week.

—The largest line and finest cutting in cut glass at Scott's.

Register of Deeds E. A. Upham went to Marshfield on Monday to visit his friends.

C. A. Larson sold his house and lot on Giddings street to Mrs. Wm. Skeel on Tuesday.

—Leave your order at the Candy Kitchen for ice cream.

Miss Minnie Podawiltz arrived from Duluth last week to spend the holidays with relatives.

W. H. Clairmont is now located in Escanaba, where he will probably spend the winter.

—Ice cream at the candy Kitchen on Christmas day.

Mrs. John Pospisiel and Mrs. H. Healy of Arpin were in the city on Monday shopping.

Mrs. E. S. Renne went to Stevens Point on Tuesday to spend Christmas with her relatives.

—John Dengler's Capital for 5 cents is a gentleman's smoke.

George H. Smith returned on Thursday last from Eagle River where he has been on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Collier came up from Nekoosa Saturday and spent Sunday with relatives.

—Stop in and see the artistic line of china closets and sideboards at Geo. W. Baker & Son.

W. H. Fitch of Cranmoor, was in the city Sunday to attend the funeral of the late Nels Johnson.

Landlord G. H. Bremner of the Platters Hotel, Portage, was in the city on business Thursday.

—The place to get your good ice cream is at Candy Kitchen.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Otto of Hansen were in the city on Monday, doing their Christmas shopping.

Miss Kittie Cahill is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Cahill of Vesper.

—Scott's prices are certainly right.

Miss Nellie Farrell leaves today for Tomahawk where she expects to visit among friends until Sunday.

Atty. Geo. L. Williams was in the city over Sunday to attend the funeral of his friend, Nels Johnson.

—Order your Ice cream from the Candy Kitchen for your Christmas dinner.

The west side Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will meet with Mrs. B. T. Worthington, Dec. 31st.

Frank Steib has been quite sick the past week with an attack of quinsy, his illness being of unusual severity.

—Call and see those beautiful art squares, which are going at whole sale prices at Geo. W. Baker & Son.

James Haire of Stevens Point, representing the Metropolitan Life Insurance, was in this city on Saturday.

Our townsman, Sam Parker, has received an increase in his pension and now gets \$10 a month from Uncle Sam.

—Smoke the Wineschek cigar. The best ten cent smoke on earth.

—Helen, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Conway is confined to the house with a an attack of scarlet fever.

Miss Laura Reeves expects to leave today for Kaukauna, where she will spend Christmas with her sister, Mrs. Solar.

—The richest line of cut glass in the city is shown at W. G. Scott's.

J. M. Sanderson of the Witter House was confined to his room with a lame back two or three days the past week.

Mrs. Emil Nacht of Altdorf was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Matt Schlig a few days last week.

—Dressed and sleeping dolls, separate heads, single bodies at Wood Co. Dag Company.

N. C. Jacobs of the Jacobs House, Stevens Point, and J. N. Welsby of the same place were here over night Monday.

Mrs. J. C. Hayward of Marshfield was in the city over Sunday being in attendance at the funeral of Nels Johnson.

—Buy your Xmas rockers at Geo. W. Baker & Son and receive one of those handsome pictures free.

Dr. and Mrs. Ridgman and children left for Bay City, Wis., where they will visit Dr. Ridgman's father during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Whittlessey were up from Cranmoor on Sunday to attend the funeral of their friend Nels Johnson.

—Electric shades. G. M. Huntington, Pariseau building.

Alvin Boelke, one of the solid farmers of Sigel departed on Tuesday for a short visit with relatives and friends in Milwaukee.

Commencing January 6th the E. F. U. will hold their regular meetings on the first and third Tuesday of each month.

—Christmas is the time to make your wife a present. Why not buy one of those nice electric shades of G. M. Huntington from 15c up. 2t

Walter D. Corrigan, who is well known in this city, has been appointed by Attorney General-elect Sturdevant as his assistant.

Lieut. A. F. Perry received a telegram Wednesday announcing the birth of a daughter at his home in Stratford, Canada.

—Come and see my beautiful rings and brooches in diamonds, pearls, opals, rubies, etc., and prices to please you at Scott's.

Miss Agnes Mulroy, who is teaching near Hortonville, is home to spend the holidays with her parents at the Commercial House.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Love of Sioux City, Iowa, were in the city over Sunday to attend the funeral of their old friend, Nels Johnson.

—Scott has a lovely display of table silver and silver plated ware in the best makes.

Sidney Denis, who has been attending a college of pharmacy in Chicago, returned home on Friday to spend the holidays with his parents.

George Mineham expects to leave today for Dubuque, Ia., to spend Christmas with a sister whom he has not seen for thirty-eight years.

—A beautiful pastel goes with every purchase made at Geo. W. Baker & Son.

George Pomainville, who is studying medicine in Milwaukee, arrived home on Saturday to spend the Christmas holidays with his relatives.

Senator and Mrs. W. S. Buckley and children of Telluride, Col., are in the city and expect to spend the holidays among friends and relatives.

—Christmas presents purchased at W. G. Scott's engraved free.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Havenor and two younger daughters Koella and Ruth left on Wednesday for Waupaca to spend Christmas among relatives.

Lieut. A. F. Perry and Chas. Podawiltz left on the early train over the C. & N. W. for Stratford, Canada, on Wednesday morning to spend Xmas.

—Go and see the little Elf, Four Naught and Four Handed sizes in ladies watches at Scott's. To see them is to want them.

Charles Wasser came home from Fond du Lac on Saturday and spent Sunday with his mother. Charley is now breaking on the North Western road.

Mrs. J. J. Gokey, of Dawson, N. D. arrived in the city Monday and expects to visit for several weeks at the home of her father, Fred Horton at Biron.

I'll brave the storms of Chilkoot Pass, I'll cross the plains of frozen glass, I'll leave my wife and cross the sea, Rather than be without Rocky Mountain Tea.

—Johnson & Hill Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fritz left yesterday for Freedom, where they will spend Christmas with their daughter and her husband. Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Helmich.

Mrs. A. M. Muir and children, Kirk, Edna and Jeannette expect to leave tomorrow for Winona to spend several days visiting with friends and relatives.

—Styles to satisfy everybody in electric shades. G. M. Huntington, Pariseau building.

John Galligan and Louis Koehn of Nekoosa and John J. Conway of Orient S. D., were initiated into the mysteries of the Elks lodge on Tuesday evening.

Miss Lena Budreau, who is taking a course in short hand at the sisters' school, left for her home at Tomahawk on Friday to spend the holidays with her folks.

—Don't forget to purchase one of those National Ball Bearing Carpet sweepers and receive a toy one for the children. Sold at Baker & Son.

Our old friend "Stovey" Norton oozed into town on Saturday, after having spent the past summer at Mosinee. Stovey reports a lucrative business while away.

Mrs. N. R. Vanderbrook of Green Bay is spending the holidays with her husband at the Wisconsin House. Mr. Vanderbrook is the fireman on the Nekoosa branch of the North-Western.

—I have the ladies delight in neck chains and large lockets. I engrave them for you free. See them at Scott's.

Assemblyman Frank A. Cady and family have removed into their new residence on the corner of Oak and Milwaukee streets. The structure is thoroughly up to date and is pleasantly situated for a home.

Chas. Natwick of Hansen was in the city on Monday on business. While here Charlie engaged the Monarch orchestra to play for the annual ball of the Masonic lodge of Pittsville which will be held in the near future.

—Engagements sealed with our solitaires are rarely sundered. Better try the combination. A. P. Hirzy.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Bisbee were in the city several days the fore part of the week. Mr. Bisbee was formerly a resident of this city and is well known here by many of the older residents. Mr. and Mrs. Bisbee left on Tuesday for Ashland.

Miss Grace Getts has been engaged during the past week in making burnt wood productions at Otto's pharmacy and many of her creations are of a pleasing and artistic nature. It is quite an interesting thing to watch the work in progress.

—From 2 to 5 dollars may be saved on every bedroom suit purchased at Geo. W. Baker & Son.

It is estimated that at the last election 24,000 women availed themselves of their opportunity of voting for state superintendent of public instruction. An analysis of the vote shows that a large majority of the ladies voted for Karl Mathie.

The Otfellie & Stoddall Land company of Pittsville closed a deal last week for all the lands in four townships, Rock, Wood, and Hansen and part of Dexter, formerly owned by the Hiles Land and Lumber company. The deal amounts to a sum exceeding \$200,000.

—Miss Edith Bruderie is prepared to give music lessons on piano or organ. Three hour lessons at \$1 each. Miss Bruderie is well versed in music and her scholars never fail to make phenomenal progress.

Miss Lillie A. Lemley, who recently graduated from the Stevens Point Business college, is now employed as regular substitute in the city schools and when not engaged in teaching acts as private secretary and stenographer for Supt. Vert.—Stevens Point Journal.

A maiden fair with sun-kissed hair, came tripping down the street; her face serene, her age 16—gee whizz, but she was sweet. On the sidewalk slick she came down quick with a jolt that shook her curls, but the words she used must be excused—for she's one of the nicest girls.

—Scott, the watch inspector for the railroads here, has all the high grade watches such as the Official Railroad watch, the Ball standard, Hamilton, Elgin and Waltham.

Jos. M. Okoneski, who is traveling for the Arpin Lumber company, was in the city over Sunday to spend the day with his wife. While on his way home he stopped at Milwaukee to witness the production of Ben Hur, which he describes as being well worth the time spent.

Charles Dougharty returned from Iola Saturday where he had been the past six weeks engaged in putting an electric light plant in the factory of the Stevens Table company. The work consisted in setting up a dynamo and putting in 100 lights and getting the entire plant in working order.

—Don't buy a diamond until you see the large stock Hirzy has to select from. He is selling them at a very close margin.

Dr. W. D. Harvie has removed his office to the east side and now occupies pleasant rooms in the Pomainville block over Cohen's store. His quarters on the west side were so small that it was very inconvenient at times, and as they could not be enlarged in any way he was compelled to make a change.

M. A. Bogoger is in Merrill this week on business. Mr. Bogoger has entered into a partnership with M. D. L. O'Rourke of that city to carry on a general store business and it is expected that the business will be opened up on or about the first of January. While we are sorry to have Mr. Bogoger leave us we wish him unlimited success in his new field.

—Great tonic, braces body and brain, drives away all impurities from your system. Makes you well. Keeps you well. Rocky Mountain Tea. 35c. Johnson & Hill Co.

Walter Denis, who has been in the west since last spring, returned home on Friday to visit with his parents and other friends for a time. Walter went from here to Idaho but has also been in the state of Washington. Although a position awaits his return to the latter state, he has not decided whether he will go back there or make his home here in the future.

Attorney T. W. Brazeau was in Necedah on Friday, where he officiated in the capacity of one of the judges in a debate between the New Lisbon and Necedah high schools. The decision was in favor of New Lisbon. Mr. Brazeau was also in Milwaukee last Wednesday, where he attended the production of Ben Hur, which he reports to be fully up to the claims made for it.

—It excites the wonder of the world, a magic remedy, liquid electricity, that drives away suffering and disease. Rocky Mountain Tea. 35c. Johnson & Hill Co.

Stevens Point Gazette: A wedding that was witnessed by a large number of relatives and several other friends took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Lutz, on Elk street, at two o'clock this afternoon, when their youngest daughter, Miss Lena Lutz, was united in marriage to George D. Oertel. The bridesmaids were Miss Emma Lutz of Grand Rapids and Miss Edith Dauper, and the groomsmen John Oertel and Robt. Lutz. Rev. A. G. Wagner, pastor of the Friedens church, performed the ceremony.

## CHRISTMAS IS HERE

and what have you done for the folks back East? You want to remember them in some way. If times don't justify you in sending them a ten-dollar bill or a piece of silverware, or a dozen silk handkerchiefs, let us make a suggestion. Suppose you send them this paper for a year. It will be better than a long letter every week. They'll know you are well and will be kept posted about you. It will delight them more than anything you could send, and will only cost a

'DOLLAR AND A HALF'

## NEW LINE OF SUITINGS JUST ARRIVED!

It won't cost you a cent to look at them and you may find what you want.

## EDW. KOSTKA, TAILOR.

M. J. Slattery's Old Stand. East Side, Grand Rapids.

## CENTRALIA HARDWARE COMPANY

DEALERS IN

## SLEIGHS and CUTTERS

Heating and Cook Stoves; the kind that save wood, the kind you want.

Just received a carload of the latest designs in sleighs and cutters which as usual will be sold at a very close margin. Hand sleighs. Boys, and Girls' Skates, Ladies' and Gents' Skates, a full line of goods of this character.

## Centralia Hardware Company,

WEST SIDE, - - GRAND RAPIDS.

## Remember Your Friends.

The most appropriate way of showing your friendship is to give them a useful Christmas gift. We have a line of goods that are acceptable to all, both rich and poor.

Bedroom Suits, Fine Couches, Davenport Morris Chairs, Upholstered and Plain Rockers, Chiffoneers

And many other things that are calculated to make a housekeeper happy.

## J. W. NATWICK, Undertaking and Embalming.

## WINCHESTER FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS "New Rival" "Leader" "Repeater"

IF you are looking for reliable shotgun ammunition, the kind that shoots where you point your gun, buy Winchester Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells: "New Rival," loaded with Black powder; "Leader" and "Repeater," loaded with Smokeless. Insist upon having Winchester Factory Loaded Shells, and accept no others. ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM



Saved at Grave's Briak.

"I know I would long ago have been in my grave," writes Mrs. S. H. Newsum, of Decatur, Ala. "If it had not been Electric Bitters. For three years I suffered untold agony from the worst forms of indigestion, Waterbrash, Stomach and Bowel Dyspepsia. But this excellent medicine did a world of good. Since using it I can eat heartily and have gained 35 pounds." For indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles Electric Bitters are a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at John E. Daly's drug store.

#### Notice.

Farmers wishing to grow cucumber pickles for season of 1903 may send address to the undersigned and the agent will call on you.

ALBERT & MCGUIRE.  
F. H. WITTER, Agt.

—Just received, a carload of sleighs and cutters. All styles and all prices at Central Hardware company.

#### WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

	South Bound.		North Bound	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Marshfield	7:20	2:20	10:35	6:05
Arpin	7:35	2:35	10:50	6:20
Vesper	8:07	2:57	10:58	6:28
Grand Rapids	8:20	3:10	11:05	6:35
Port Edwards	8:40	3:30	11:25	6:55
Nekoosa	8:50	3:40	11:35	7:05

Minneapolis.....	7:25	5:35	
St. Paul.....	8:50	5:40	
Eau Claire.....	11:30	2:50	9:20
Chippewa Falls.....	11:20	1:30	8:50
	P. M.	A. M.	
Marshfield.....	2:14	10:45	6:05
Grand Rapids.....	3:20	9:45	5:05
<hr/>			
	P. M.	A. M.	
Ashland.....	4:20	7:45	
	A. M.		
Duluth.....	11:45	11:15	

Tickets sold and baggage checked to all principal points in the United States and Canada. For rates and other information apply at the ticket office.

#### NORTHWESTERN LINE.

		South Bound		North Bound	
		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Chicago	Ar	1:15	5:45	3:00	
Milwaukee	Ar	10:45	3:35	5:15	7:55
Fond du Lac	Ar	9:05	1:25	6:25	10:05

		A. M.		
Red Granite Jet.....Ar		11:30		10:00
Spring Lake.....Lv		11:15		10:14
Red Granite.....Lv		10:55		10:35
		P. M.		
Red Granite Jet.....Ar	6:50	11:36	8:32	11:50
Wanona.....Lv	6:38	11:24	8:45	12:53

Wild Rose	Lv	6:22	11:13	9:05	12:19
Almond	Lv	6:00	10:50	9:25	12:41
Bancroft	Lv	5:58	10:38	9:40	12:51
Kellner	Lv	5:14	10:14	10:05	1:17
Grand Rapids	Lv	5:15	10:00	10:15	1:33
Vesper	Lv		9:22		1:53
Arpin	Lv		9:17		2:10
Marshfield	Lv		8:45		2:44

All trains daily except Sunday.

J. C. WILLARD, Agent.

#### C. M. & St. P. R.

TRAIN'S NORTH.		A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.			
No. 3 Pass.	daily except Sunday	7:32	11:32	5:30	9:30
No. 5	daily except Sunday	8:30	12:30	6:30	10:30
No. 25	Sundays only	11:14	3:14	11:14	3:14
No. 63, way fr't	daily except Sun.	10:40	2:40	10:40	2:40

#### TRAIN'S SOUTH.

No. 2, Passenger, daily.....	9:40 p. m.
No. 6,       daily except Sunday.....	12:37 p. m.
No. 92, way fr't daily except Sun.....	2:15 p. m.

For Passenger trains make close connections at New Lisbon east and west.

All Passenger trains make close connections at New Lisbon east and west.

L. M. SCHLATTERER, Agent.

#### G. B. & W. R. R. Co.

No. 1 Passenger going West leave		11:33 A. M.	
No. 7		arrive	9:30 P. M.
No. 9 Freight		leave	4:10 A. M.
No. 7		arrive	7:30 P. M.
No. 4 Passenger going East leave		6:40 A. M.	
No. 2		leave	2:42 P. M.
No. 8 Freight		leave	5:00 A. M.
No. 10		arrive	6:15 P. M.

V. W. MILLER, Agent.

## CITY MEAT MARKET!

Fresh, Salt and Smoked MEATS.

All kinds of Fish, Poultry and Sausages. Cash paid for Hides and Pelts. Prompt delivery of orders, wholesale and retail.

N. REILAND,  
TEL. 275. EAST SIDE.  
GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

## The REGINA Music Box



The Sweetest Toned Music Box Made. Changeable Tune Disks Costing the same as Sheet Music, and Thousands of Tunes to Select from. Fully Guaranteed and Sold on Easy Payments.

BY A. P. HIRZY  
The East Side Jeweler, Near the Bridge.

## NESTING WOOD DUCKS.

The Courtship Period is Followed by a Very Peculiar Mated Life.

When a pair of wood ducks find water and a hollow tree to suit, little time is lost in preparing the nest. This task and the covering of the eggs are performed by the female, for, to the best of my knowledge, the male does little more than sit around on handy limbs and look pretty. During the period of nest building and while the duck is laying he is the beau ideal of a handsome and loving cavalier, ever attentive and seemingly most anxious as to her whereabouts should she happen to get out of his sight. But with the waning of the honeymoon he seems to feel rather bored with the whole business, and gradually he gets clubby—he wanders from his own bedside and hunts up another drake or two to help him loaf away the summer. The busy little duck keeps her own counsel and "sits tight" on the dozen or more highly polished ivorylike eggs crowded together in a bed of soft decayed wood and down from her breast.

Quite frequently the nest is at the bottom of a hollow several feet deep, and no doubt the strong, hooked claws of the wood duck are a special provision for the oft repeated climbing out of the hollow.—Edwyn Sandys in Outing.

#### Faithful to the Last.

In many Scotch families the old manservant is a permanent institution. He enters the service of a family when he is a boy, sticks to his place and resigns only when the infirmities of age are upon him. Naturally he grows in time to claim as rights what were at first granted him as favors and if he is opposed asserts himself with a spirit of independence. An English paper tells a story illustrative of this.

A lady's coachman, a crusty old fellow, who had been in the service of the family in her father's time, gave her great trouble and annoyance on several occasions by not carrying out her instructions. At length his conduct became unbearable, and she determined to dismiss him. Calling him into her presence, she said with as much asperity as she could command:

"I cannot stand this any longer, John. You must look out for another situation. You will leave my service at the end of the month."

The old servant looked at her in amusement for a minute, and then the characteristic "loyalty" came to the surface.

"Na, na, my lady," he said. "I drove you to the kirk to be baptized. I drove you to your marriage, and I'll stay to drive you to your funeral."

#### A School of Poisoners.

A merciless school of poisoners once flourished in Venice. During the fifteenth century even the government of the state used poison without any disguise as a weapon. A body called "the council of ten" was appointed to determine who should be dispatched, and they dealt with the lives of princes, kings and popes as one would deal with superfluous trees in a wood. A curious document is still extant in which the proceedings of this council are recorded. It shows that one John of Ragusa prepared a selection of poisons and scale of fees. The fee varied with the importance of the victim and the length of the journey to be made for his dispatch. For poisoning the Duke of Milan he charged 60 ducats, for the pope 100 ducats, for the king of Spain 150 ducats, for the "great sultan" 300 ducats.

#### The Other Side.

An author who illustrates his own novels has submitted to an interview. "You find that it pays, don't you?" "You bet—in lots of ways. For instance, I get paid for the story?"

"Yes."

"Then the illustrations of the author of a book are worth double those of the ordinary artists?" "Of course."

"Then some fool of a rich fellow comes along and offers a fabulous sum for the original drawings and wants an introduction to you and invites you to dine with him, and your fortune is made and your future is safe! It's a great scheme, I tell you, and authors are fools who don't make the most of it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

#### The Choice of a Husband.

"What a lucky girl you are, Liddy, to be able to choose between two such handsome and stylish young gentlemen? Have you made up your mind which is to be your husband?"

"To tell the truth, I'm in a bit of a fix. If I desire to wear my cream colored dress at the wedding, I shall take Alphonse, as he is dark complexioned, you know; but if I decide to go in my blue dress I rather think fair Joseph will make the better match of the two."

#### Pierce Indeed.

"Now, then, children," said the teacher, who had been commenting upon polar expeditions, "who can tell me what fierce animals inhabit the regions of the north pole?"

"Polecats!" shouted the boy at the foot of the class.—Philadelphia Press.

#### To Get a Divorce.

When "love, cherish and obey" and "sickness, poverty and death" are left out of the marriage ritual, what do the happy pair "promise" themselves—merely to keep the peace?—Boston Herald.

#### Feed Him.

If you want to win the gratitude of a dog, feed him. As to men, the material difference is the quality of the food.—Baltimore News.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.—Charles Lamb.

## The New Guessing Contest.

The Milwaukee Sentinel will give away \$1500.00 in cash, in a grand Guessing Contest, to readers of the Sunday Sentinel. You are invited to guess on the total number of copies of the Sunday Sentinel printed and circulated for ten Sundays beginning Dec. 7th and ending Feb. 8th inclusive. A coupon is printed in the upper right hand corner of the first page of every copy of the Sunday Sentinel, on which you are to write your name and your address and estimate of the total number of copies of the Sunday Sentinel printed during the period above stated. Each coupon entitles you to one guess, so that if you are a regular reader of the Sunday Sentinel, you will be entitled to ten guesses during the ten weeks of this contest. The last estimate must reach the Sentinel office not later than midnight, Feb. 13th, when the contest closes. The first prize is \$500, second prize, \$100, third prize, \$50 and there are a number of smaller prizes ranging from \$1.00 to \$25.00 each. A special prize of \$5.00 will be paid to the person estimating the exact number of Sunday Sentinels printed and circulated for the period of ten weeks.

For further information read the advertisement in the Sentinel daily or write Circulation Department, Sentinel Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

#### COUGHS AND COLDS IN CHILDREN.

Recommendation of a Well Known Chicago Physician.

I use and prescribe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for almost all obstinate, contracted coughs, with direct results. I prescribe it to children of all ages. Am glad to recommend it to all in need and seeking relief from colds and coughs and bronchial affections. It is non-narcotic and safe in the hands of the most unprofessional. A universal panacea for all mankind.—Mrs. Mary R. Melendy, M. D., Ph. D., Chicago, Ill. This remedy is for sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

#### Office Calendars.

A very serviceable calendar has been issued by the Chicago & North-Western R'y. for the year 1903. It is large and easily distinguished, the days of the month and the consecutive day of the year are both shown, and the publication is of that solid and creditable sort which makes it desirable for business men and manufacturers. Send four cents in postage to W. B. Kulkern, Passenger Traffic manager, 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

#### To Get Rid of a Troublesome Corn.

First soak it in warm water to soften it, then pare it down closely as possible without drawing blood and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily: rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn plaster should be worn to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequalled. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood Co. Drug Co.

Congressman J. J. Esch has introduced a bill which provides for the establishment of a permanent camp at Camp Douglas for United States troops. The bill also provides for the appropriation of \$370,000 for the purchase of the land necessary. One of the benefits of such an institution would be the fact that the Wisconsin National guard could perform their maneuvers with the regulars when they went into camp each year.

#### Painless Dentistry

Does not equal a painless lavative. Mr. C. L. Hizer, of Lincoln, Ill., says: "I have been a sufferer from constipation for the past twelve years, with severe griping pains in my bowels nearly every day. Since I began taking Re-Go Tonic Lavative Syrup my bowels have moved freely without griping. It is certainly a wonderful lavative. Sold by Sam Church, druggist."

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Born of Waukesha were granted a divorce last week, after having been married nearly fifty years.

## Shot-Gun Prescriptions

We suppose we are not revealing any trade secrets when we say that many medicines are made up on the principle of the so-called "shot-gun prescriptions" which were formerly somewhat in vogue.

The idea of the shot-gun prescriptions was to put into a medicine a large number of different drugs, each useful for different purposes, in the hope that some of them might hit the case.

The most successful physicians we know use a more direct method. The medicine we sell over our own name and guarantee does the same. This medicine is called Vinol. It is the best thing we know for a run-down condition, for nerve troubles, for lung troubles, for weak women, pale children, and old people—in fact, it is a safe, pleasant, reliable tonic and reconstructor.

It is not a scattering "shot-gun prescription," but it goes straight to the mark, and has cured so many people right here in town, that it gives us confidence to sell it on an absolute guarantee, as follows: If you use a bottle and it does not help you, we'll give you your money back without a word of complaint.

We could not afford to guarantee it so boldly if we had not seen it succeed in ninety-eight out of every one hundred cases.

For Sale by J. E. DALY

## FILIPINO FUNERALS.

Picturesque For the Rich and Pathetic For the Poor.

One of the most striking things to be seen on the streets of Manila is a Filipino funeral. If the deceased was wealthy and had hosts of friends, the funeral will be headed by a band playing selections from comic operas. The body of the deceased follows in a hearse covered with black cloth arranged in a gawron design and drawn by six black ponies, each bedecked with headgear of long black feathers. The hearse will be followed by men on foot wearing knickerbockers and cocked hats, and after them follow innumerable vehicles of every description. If the body is to be interred, the gravediggers will precede the band, with their tools over their shoulders.

Most Filipino funerals, however, are more pathetic. The father of a few weeks old baby will trot out to the cemetery entirely alone, with the little white coffin balanced well on his head, and if a man had not the price of a vehicle his remains will be carried out on bamboo poles by four Chinamen, and the coffin will be one that has seen service before.

The natives have different ways of burial. Some bodies are put into the ground, while the larger majority are placed in niches in the wall of the cemetery. A slab cemented into the opening of the niche contains a brief biography of the deceased.

#### Some Survivals of Fashion.

Man is unquestionably a highly rational being. Still, if you travel and observe, from the mouth of the Danube to the Golden Gate you will find most men wearing a coat with a useless collar marked with a useless V shaped slash and decorated with two useless buttons at the small of the back and one or two more useless buttons at the cuffs. The collar, the slash and the buttons are there in answer to no rational need. It is not a common racial need of protection against climate that they represent, but a common civilization whose form and ritual they mutely confess. Over this entire area those who aspire to be of the Brahman caste deck their heads for wedding, funeral and feast with a black cylindrical covering, suited, so far as we can discern, neither to avert the weapon of the adversary or the dart of the rain nor to provide a seat whereon man may sit and rest himself. And as for the women contained within this same area we behold that the amplitude of the sleeve, the disposition of the belt and the outline of the skirt all obey the rise and fall of one resistless tide which neither moon nor seasons control.—Benjamin Ide Wheeler in Atlantic.

#### The Certainty of Fate.

The Mohammedans have a fable which they repeat to illustrate the certainty of fate. The Philadelphia Times quotes it as having been told by Mr. Robert Barr, the celebrated novelist.

A sultan was once asked by his favorite, the grand vizier, for permission to leave at once for Smyrna, although a brilliant court fête was then in progress. Upon being asked his reason for such haste the vizier replied:

"Because I just saw the angel of death yonder in the crowd. He looked at me so earnestly that I know he has come for me. I wish to escape him."

"Go! Go at once!" said the sultan, who then beckoned to the angel and asked why the latter had looked so earnestly at the vizier.

"I was wondering," replied the angel of death, "why he was here, for I have orders to kill him in Smyrna."

#### Nelson's Only Defeat.

Nelson, like all the greatest commanders on sea or land, made his mistakes and his failures, but there is only one instance on record of his having been actually defeated in a direct attack. This occurred at Santa Cruz, in the Canary islands, on July 24, 1797. The place was very strongly fortified, and Nelson, in the face of a fire of fifty guns from the batteries, attempted to storm the town by boats. The attempt was frustrated by the strength of the mole and the nonappearance of a land force which should have co-operated. A hundred and fifty men were killed and a hundred wounded on the British side, and Nelson lost his right arm. Two flags were also captured, and these are still kept in the cathedral of Santa Cruz.

#### The Scotch Sunday.

As an instance of the observance of the Sabbath in Scotland, an English paper tells of a postman having a route between Stirling and Blair Drummond. He was observed to ride a bicycle over his six miles on weekdays and to walk the same distance on Sunday, and when asked why he replied that he was not allowed to use the machine on Sunday. An investigation followed, and the postman's explanation proved to be correct.

#### The Poet Turned.

Office Boy—I told that poet wot called dat you wuz out of town.  
Editor—Good! What did he say?  
Office Boy—He said he thought he noticed an improvement in de paper.—New York Journal.

#### Uncertain.

"He's a queer chap."  
"Yes. Just now he was saying that nothing was certain in this world but the uncertainty of things, and you couldn't bank on that!"—Detroit Free Press.

#### Justifiable.

"Johnson writes that he's just killed the hero in his new novel."  
"Well, he needn't worry over that; any jury will acquit him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

# WE ARE NOW SELLING OUT

Our store in the Freeman building has been sold and we have to vacate the building soon. We cannot move the stock into our other store as we are well crowded with goods as it is. In order to make room and save expenses for storage we will offer our entire stock regardless of cost and

# BELOW COST.

We invite the public to come and examine the goods and the prices. It is not the profit we are after but it is to make room for the stock we have in the Freeman building. Not expecting that the building will be sold we bought heavily and have a large stock on hand. Below we give you a partial list of what we have to offer:

Men's Boys' and Children's Clothing, Ladies', Gents and Children's Underwear, Table Linen, Toweling, Ladies', Men's and Children's Shoes and Rubbers, Millinery, Hats and Caps, Gloves and Mittens, Ready-made Skirts and Wrappers, Crockery, Lamps, Toys, Handkerchiefs, Laces, Embroidery, Trunks, Valises and Groceries.

## R. M. LEVIN,

EAST SIDE, first building north of Stamm's Barber Shop.

## XMAS BARGAINS!!

We will offer many bargains during the few days left before Xmas. Below are a few items.

Copyright books, regular price \$1.50, our price \$1.25	Whittier, Goethe, and many others, regular price \$1.00, our price.....47c
Padded Poets, regular price \$1.25, our price...90c	Good cloth bound poems, regular price 50c, our price.....37c
A good substantial book of poems with elegant cover design and gilt tops in following titles: Hiawatha, In Memoriam, Marmion, Lucile, Lalla Rookh, Pope, Shelley, Tennyson, Byron, Milton, Scott, Coleridge.	Handy volume Classics, beautiful floral designs, 25c. A good assortment of cloth bound books, regular 25c value at 17c, 3 for 50c.

You will find bargains in everything we sell for the holidays. Don't forget that we will give a beautiful Sachet Doily FREE with a 50c purchase or over of perfume until after Xmas. We invite you to call and examine goods whether you purchase or not, and assure you courteous attention.

## OTTO'S PHARMACY

211 Cranberry St., Grand Rapids, Wis.

## VICTORIA, DEWEY, SUNBEAM

A WISE WOMAN	A WISE MAN
Knows that one of the first requisites in making good bread is to have first-class flour, and she will generally have it if it is obtainable.	Will always see to it that his wife has good flour and to make sure the matter he will get VICTORIA, DEWEY or SUNBEAM.

## GRAND RAPIDS MILLING CO.



# EYES TO the... BLIND

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1908, by  
Charles W. Hooke

THE Lady Helena took the little Bible out of the box and surveyed it with a gaze that saw far more than the quaint old volume.

"It is atrocious," she whispered, "that I should not have known it was here."

Upon that book she had made two vows, the first quite ordinary, the second most unusual, even unique. Before God and her earthly sovereign, the king, she had made both the vows, the first in the presence of many, when an archbishop held that copy of the word and Helena became Sir Frederick Kumble's wife; the second with but two to hear and but one to see the solemn promise sealed upon the book. Three years lay between the vows—three years of happiness and one of great sorrow.

"If I did not trust you fully," the king had said to her upon the occasion of the second promise, "Sir Frederick's misfortune would mark the end of his most highly valued service unless, indeed, his sight should be restored, as I devoutly hope. It is without precedent that a man lacking eyes of his own should be a cabinet minister. But you shall be his eyes. Swear to me upon this book, which you especially revere and in the presence of that King before whom I am no more than the dust to which my body shall return, that you will faithfully sustain this duty, divulging nothing of all that you shall see, adding nothing thereto, omitting not one word therefrom, as your husband shall command you to read."

And Helena had knelt to heaven and the king and had kissed the book with all sincerity, her husband kissing her most affectionately as she arose.

It was not an occasion likely to slip one's mind, this secret, solemn ceremonial. Helena marvelled that she could have forgotten where the old Bible had been put away, yet she had come upon it quite by chance.

"I wish it were more to me," she thought. "I have no effective religion. Let me be frank with myself. An oath means nothing to me. What will the world do when all shall be as I am? Truly I believe that there is a need of something sacred."

The sound of chords came softly into the room. Eunice, Sir Frederick's sister, was playing upon a little pipe organ, a church organ in miniature and of a very sweet tone, that had been built into her apartments.

"She believes everything without possibility of question," said Helena. "Had she been sworn as I was her wish to do right would have been backed by all the terrors of the infinite. Would the public business be safer if she were Frederick's eyes? Upon my soul, I think it would be. Yet she is not so honest as I am. I would not trust her unsworn. Frederick has too much sense of honor. It exhausted the supply of the family. However, that is not the point. If I were like her, I should have a refuge and a fortress. I should not now be verging toward deadly peril."

She took up the Bible again, held it in her two hands and counterfeited reverence until she felt some touch of the reality. The fancy came to her that the book should be in the official workshop, and thus she was reminded that her husband must already be awaiting her there, having dismissed his doctors.

In the east corridor below she encountered Eunice, who greeted her



"IS THAT ALL?"

with scant cordiality, eying the book in her hand. At that moment Henry Hallam, secretary to Sir Frederick, was entering the small room intervening between the corridor and the study. He passed in before Helena, not seeing her until she had come into the ante-chamber. Then he made his customary salutations of the morning and offered an envelope which he had just taken from his desk.

"How did this come?" asked Helena. "It was delivered by M. d'Epinau," replied Hallam. "Waldron"—the door-keeper of the east wing—"seems to me to have been at fault in laying it upon my desk instead of giving it into my hands or Sir Frederick's."

Louis Sylvestre d'Epinau, attache of the French embassy—for some mysterious reason the man's full name and

present passed through Helena's mind.

"I will take charge of this," said she, glancing at the envelope, upon which might be seen a faint mark at the close of the address.

The heavy door that had stood ajar between the anteroom and the study opened slowly, and Sir Frederick appeared. He had not acquired the manner of the blind. He stood in the doorway graceful and at ease, totally without that visible and pitiable trepidation characterizing the sightless. Only the great black shades by which his eyes were shielded from all light made obvious his infirmity. He was erect as ever and seemed strong, but his face had taken on a pallor, steadily increasing, and his hair had grown quite gray. Sometimes it had seemed to Helena that the worst of his affliction was that he had grown so old, and she, with him, in spirit at least. She was one who loved youth. She should not yet have been at the end of it, and he, though nearly fifty, had seemed young until darkness had begun to wither him. It was that which had put her heart to flight away from him—the fear of age.

Sir Frederick had great facility in finding his way without light. He could walk confidently throughout the great house, and, observing the readiness of his movements, it was sometimes impossible to realize that he was blind. He came forward without hesitation and took Helena's right hand, which he raised to his lips. She had shifted the envelope to her left hand, and she must have put some pressure upon it, for the heavy seal of wax fell to the floor. It may have been dislodged by contact with the rough cover of the volume which Helena also held. The blind man, seeking both his wife's hands, felt the book and asked what it was. Being informed, he seemed pleased, even quite deeply touched.

There was an interval of silence, and then Sir Frederick, conscious of Hallam's presence, turned his mind upon the business of the day.

"Is there any word from the Frenchman?" he asked. "I fancied that I heard you speak of d'Epinau."

"I have a message from the embassy," said Helena, and at that Sir Frederick stood back from the door, inclining his head with homage fit to touch one's heart as the dainty rustling of his wife's garments and the faint, exquisite fragrance of her hair passed before him through the dark.

"Let's begin with monsieur l'ambassadeur," said Sir Frederick. "I think his communication cannot be of much importance—a nicety of diplomatic evasion. I've no doubt."

"Evasion!" echoed Helena softly. "The easy refuge of dishonesty." He inclined his head, smiling, and then:

"Read it, dearest," he said.

Helena drew forth the contents of the envelope, consisting of the usual fine parchment paper sheet and one small slip adhering so gently to the other that it could be pulled away and leave no perceptible mark. Then she began to read the ambassador's note, omitting not a syllable of the fantastic courtesies of diplomacy, and so on to the body of the document, wherein the writer begged to reply to the most highly valued communication, etc., and did reply, with nothing in particular very finely expressed.

"Is that all?" asked Sir Frederick. "Well, we could have written it ourselves, couldn't we?"

Was it possible that the clock which ticked so loudly was a very small one at the far end of this long room? Why did Helena hear Eunice's voice so plainly in the anteroom? She could not remember ever before to have heard articulate words through that heavy door, yet there was no indication that Eunice was speaking loudly. It must be that there was a peculiar quality of stillness at the moment.

"I wish to see my brother directly he is at liberty," said Eunice.

Helena looked at her husband keenly. It is hard to read a face when the eyes are covered, yet Helena was as sure as of her own existence that Sir Frederick suspected nothing, that he never would know that his question—"Is that all?"—had been a mere form of words.

What is a vow? To the superstitions it may be much—to Eunice, perhaps, a compelling force having its spring in selfishness and fear. But when one is free from all that? Why act against one's own interests without a motive, without a reward?

It was a moment when the forces at war within her arrayed themselves sharply upon opposite sides. She had wished to live, really to live. She had coveted her youth and the natural rewards of her beauty. She had wished for eyes that could see her, for living admiration, not mere memory.

Her husband's hopeless affliction had weighed upon her intolerably. She had felt a panic terror of it, an almost uncontrollable desire for flight. It had seemed to her in certain hours of rebellion that her hair was whitening in a dungeon. Yet all she had craved was a very little life, a breath of freedom, a momentary total contrast.

She had met a young, handsome, ardent man. He possessed certain sharply attractive qualities, and her imagination had endowed him with many others. To this latter fact she had never been blind. M. d'Epinau was merely a personification of her frenzied protest against destiny. She had permitted herself in regard to him a certain mental indulgence, never passing beyond the sin of wishing to enjoy his homage, which in some mysterious way seemed to unite her to her youth.

It was all a matter of a few weeks; all intangible, without definite value. And now for this vain dream she must lose her most precious realities, her husband's perfect trust, her own part in his brave and useful work, for he would never trust her again. She looked at him, and suddenly her heart returned to its allegiance. In that mo-

ment she prized him dearly. He was all that he had ever been to her.

And there was no real need to lose his love and his respect. Why keep a promise at so great expense? To his question "Is that all?" she might answer "Yes," and that would be the end. But she would have sold herself. "No," she said steadily, "it is not all. There is more."

"More?" he queried, surprised. "What I shall read," she continued, "is from M. d'Epinau under the same cover, and therefore yours. Listen."

So Helena read, knowing little more than he of what the words would be, surprised and angry at the banality and insolence of it. These:

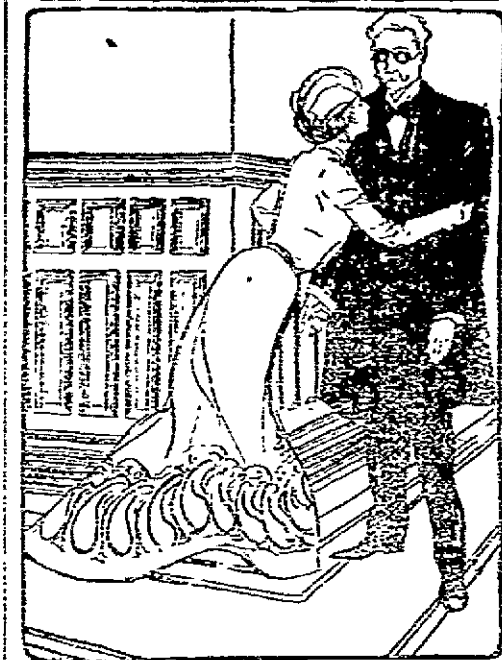
"I must see you. You have denied me the light of your countenance in these last few days, but I am strong in hope. This afternoon at Lady Marvill's we shall have ten minutes, perhaps more, if the fates are kind. You will not fail me. I send this by our private post, uniquely safe."

Helena looked up, having reached the end.

"There is no more," she said. "Absurd and common! I have given him no right!"

Sir Frederick raised his hand.

"I am quite content," he said simply. But she would not be restrained. She told her story with such exactitude as



"I MUST SPEAK TO YOU," SHE WHISPERED. she had shown in reading the empty phrases of diplomatic correspondence. And when thus told M. d'Epinau's loveliness was much like one of those communications, containing nothing of importance except the veiled revelation of the diplomat's dishonest intentions.

"As to this message," she concluded, "he told me that he should address me thus, and I did not forbid it with sincerity. That is the truth, and I merit your contempt. He said there would be a mark upon the envelope, and if it should come I thought to save my conscience by removing the message before you should bid me read; evasion, the easy refuge of dishonesty."

"Upon this book," said Sir Frederick, raising it toward his lips. "You made an earlier vow to me. God knows that no man ever felt more safe. Yet never in my most exalted rapture of confidence have I been so blessed by utter and perfect security as at this moment. I have seen your soul."

"I seemed to be growing old," said Helena, trembling. "We were so much shut in. I was afraid."

"The little girl looks out upon the crowd in the street and fancies that she is running away," said he. "Then she returns with contrition for a sin of disobedience which she has not committed."

"I love you," answered Helena. "No one else is anything to me." He laid his hand upon his forehead with a peculiar gesture.

"Do you know what they have told me this morning?" he said. "They have promised me that I shall see again. I hardly dared to speak of it, yet I have strong hope, and if it comes true—"

"We shall rejoice together," said she. "and if it does not we shall still rejoice."

She bent forward to kiss his hand, which lay upon the desk, and he felt her tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eunice met him at the angle of the east corridor. She was very pale, and her thin face was drawn hard.

"I must speak to you," she whispered. "Why does she let you walk like this, alone?"

"At my wish," said he. "We understand each other."

"You do not?" she cried. "I can be silent no longer. M. d'Epinau—"

"Ah, yes," said he. "M. d'Epinau. He is a handsome youth; of good family, too, but a rascal."

"He sent her a message this morning—"

"True. She read it to me."

"She read it?"

"I fear you read it first," said he gravely. "I heard the seal fall on the floor, and they are not loosely affixed. It must have been the seal I heard, for I noticed afterward that there was none upon the envelope. Hallam would not have disturbed it, and I have learned that it lay upon his desk some minutes when he was not there. I am sorry," he added, after a brief pause, "sorry for M. d'Epinau."

"For him?" she cried.

"He is a rascal, as I remarked before," said Sir Frederick, "and rascality makes one wretched. I am sorry this morning for every human being who is not happy."

He repeated the last word, not to her, but in a tone of ecstasy. His hand rested upon her shoulder for a moment, and then he strode away along the hall, his head erect, his step as sure as if God's light were in his eyes once more, as it was in his heart.

INGALLS' FORMALITY.

How It Was Jarred by an Applicant Looking For Work.

M. E. Ingalls, prominent in railroad affairs in the middle west, has a rule that callers must send in their names from an outer office and await his summons if he desires to admit them. It is told of him that not a great while ago the rule was ignored by a stranger, who swung wide the door, let it close with a bang and jerkily said:

"Ingalls in?"

"I am Mr. Ingalls," replied the railroad man, his choleric rising.

"So?" queried the stranger. "Letter for you?"

And he handed over an envelope. When Mr. Ingalls had read the contents, he appeared surprised and asked:

"Do you know what this says?"

"Yes," replied the stranger; "station agent in our town said you'd give me a job if I brought that to you."

"Indeed?" commented Ingalls ironically. "Well, do you not think your chances would be better if you at least knocked before entering, removed your hat when you entered and asked for 'Mr. Ingalls' instead of merely 'Ingalls'?"

The stranger looked discomfited, reached for the letter and slowly left. Before Ingalls recovered from his surprise there was a knock on the door, and, responding to his "Come in," the stranger re-entered softly, removed his hat and gently inquired:

"Is Mr. Ingalls in, sir?"

The magnate, deeply impressed with the fact that his little lecture had produced quick results, said cheerily:

"Yes, my friend; I am he. What can I do for you?"

"Do for me?" came the answer. Then, louder: "Do for me? You can go to the devil for me, you backheaded little duffer. That's what you can do."

And he departed, slamming the door. —Philadelphia Times-Leader.

A Unique Proposal.

"Whether man or woman, the individual is incomplete," he announced, with the air of one who had figured it all out. "The individual is not a whole person, not a complete unit."

"Oh," she said, bewildered. "Then I am incomplete?"

"Certainly."

"And are you?"

"Of course. We are really only pieces."

"Then I suppose we ought to be pieced out, like a tablecloth that's too small or a gown that lacks fullness."

"Oh, no. I don't believe in piecing to make a complete human entity. There is a better method."

"What?" she asked.

"Splicing," he replied.

As It Sometimes Happens.

"Anyway," said Enpeck, with a sigh long drawn out, "I may be able to worry along if they don't arrest me for bigamy."

"Arrest you for bigamy?" exclaimed the acting head of the misfit combination. "What in the name of goodness do you mean by that?"

"Just what I said," replied the meek and lowly martyr. "I seem to have married not only you, but your mother and all the rest of your family as well."

—Chicago News.

A Hopeless Case.

"At least you will try to celebrate Thanksgiving in the proper spirit," said the jovial parson.

"I suppose so," answered the man who is constitutionally gloomy. "But I don't see much prospect of success. If I don't have a turkey and mince pie dinner, I'll feel slighted, and if I do I'll have indigestion." —Washington Star.

Hard on the Trust.

Friend—I hope you are doing all you can to fight this food trust.

Editor—Yes; I refused seventeen poems this morning just to keep the poets from buying food.—Judge.

The Biggest Expense.

She—I ought not to have married such an extravagant man.

He—But, my dear, the man whom you married couldn't be anything else. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Man of Affairs.



"Say, Willie, take dis telegram, an' w'en you see me talkin' ter dose ladies come up an' hand it to me, will yer?" —New York Evening Journal.

Willie's Recitation.

To do what you can. As well as you can. Is a mighty good plan For most any man.

To work all the day. To work every day. Is the only sure way Of getting your pay.

If I work all the day And give up my play, I surely shall climb To fortune some time.

On that distant day I'll not want to play; I'll only keep climbing all of the time.

When fortune is ripe, I'll reap what I've sown— A column of type And another of stone.

—Newark News.

# Christmas Coming.

And in order to make it a happy one for the little ones you should see that they have a good supply of candy on hand for the occasion. Some people have a prejudice against feeding their children candy, thinking it will injure their health. Lots of cheap candy that is sold by unscrupulous dealers would injure anybody's health if taken in any considerable quantities and a lot of the pains and aches of Christmas time come from this source. That is where we have the advantage of those concerns, we sell.....

## ONLY PURE CANDY.

When you buy candy of us you may feel perfectly sure that you are not getting anything that will injure the health of the most delicate person. We stake our reputation on the pureness of our goods and feel sure that we stand no chance of losing it.

## THE CANDY KITCHEN,

East Side, next to Wood Co. Bank. GEO. AKIN, Prop.

# The HOT BLAST Stove

Is one of the greatest fuel savers on earth.

It will burn anything from cornstalks to hard coal.

Makes more heat than any other stove on the market. Come and see the way they work. Two of them in constant use at

## D. M. HUNTINGTON'S,

East Side Near City Hall.

# WISSMER & PASSER,

Manufacturers of

## HAVANA and DOMESTIC CIGARS.

5c—Bell Rose and Cuban Specials.

10c—El Puerto.

In our retail department may be found a full supply of Tobaccos and Cigars, Pipes and Smokers' Supplies. Patronage solicited.

WEST SIDE.

GROSS' OLD STAND.

# LYON'S MILL.

## Farmers,

Bring in your logs as I am better prepared than ever to do you good work. Also will buy all kinds of timber delivered at mill or on the different lines of railroad.

## Theron Lyon.

## IF YOU ARE LOOKING

For anything in the line of Jewellery, Silverware, Gold and Silver Watches, Cut Glass or Fine China, you will probably find what you want at my jewellery store. Some fine pieces for Christmas, Birthday or Wedding presents. Call and examine the stock. No trouble to show goods.

## W. G. SCOTT,

THE WEST SIDE JEWELER.



## NEKOOSA.

On Friday two tramps stole some goods from farmers' sleighs that were standing in front of the stores. The goods belonged to Frank Ross and Henry Ostrander. The tramps were subsequently caught and imprisoned in the lockup and most of the goods were recovered. The tramps were kept in jail all night and the next morning the village marshal gave them an emphatic invitation to move on.

Fire was discovered in the roof of one of the sulphite tanks of the Nekoosa paper Co. on Friday evening about nine o'clock. An alarm was sounded and the fire company turned out and soon had the flames under control. The roof was burned from the tank and lead lining melted, the damage amounting to about \$200. The fire caught from one of the electric light wires.

John Galligan and Lou's Kuehn were at Grand Rapids Tuesday evening where they were given several degrees in the Elks Lodge. Messrs. Fitch, Westfelt and Fogarty also went up to see that the boys were properly handled. Mr. Kuehn remained in Grand Rapids Tuesday night and next morning went to Kaukauna to visit his relatives over the holidays.

Don't forget to look up a lady and attend the New Years ball to be given at Brooks hall Wednesday evening, December 31st. Music by Herrick's orchestra.

R. M. Williams of Necedah has completed his photograph gallery and is now ready for business. Mr. Williams is an artist in his line. Call and see his samples.

Miss Angelina Myers, who has been visiting her brother Charles and family, left Thursday for her home in Minnesota.

Otto Roenius of the Grand Rapids Foundry company has been doing some repair work at the mill this week.

Mrs. Russell Putnam of Menomonie arrived on Saturday to join her husband who is employed in the paper mill.

Amos Hayes is seriously ill with an attack of pneumonia. This is his second battle with that malady.

Miss Maudie Burroughs is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Burroughs.

Miss Lucy Cournoyer, a teacher in the public schools, left Saturday for her home in Marshfield.

Merchant Wm. Hooper is giving to his many customers and friends a handsome calendar.

John Holtz, the Marshfield cigar man called on his customers here on Monday.

C. P. Thompson and family will spend Christmas at the home of N. L. Wakeley and family.

Mose Marcoux returned Saturday from Shawano, where he has had employment.

Misses Milly Sorenson and Sadie Coffman are visiting relatives at Necedah.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roles spent Sunday visiting relatives in your city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Collier spent Sunday with relatives in Grand Rapids.

Miss Pansy Short is assisting at the Peter Haber store during the holiday rush.

Miss Annie Blair is spending the holidays with her parents in Rudolph.

Prof. N. B. Wagner is spending his vacation at his home in Menasha.

Miss Gertrude George of Barabau was shopping here on Monday.

Miss Etta Heiser is spending the week at her home in Sigel.

J. H. Short made a business trip to Nasonville on Monday.

Miss Margaret Prue is visiting relatives at Tomahawk.

Mrs. Fred Armbruster is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Charles Christian is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Philip Bepler is on the sick list this week.

J. C. Fogarty and family spent Sunday in Wausau.

Geo. N. Wood was a business visitor here last week.

## MARSHFIELD.

Mrs. W. H. Upham of this city, president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Wis. has written to senator Quarles asking him not to admit Arizona and New Mexico into a statehood without a provision prohibiting polygamy. The W. C. T. U. numbers 4,000 women among its members in the state.

Fred Beell, the Marshfield wrestler defeated Emil Klank at Neenah last Saturday night winning the match in three straight falls. It is expected that Beell will leave soon for the east to be matched against some of the good men there. He will probably train in one of the Milwaukee gymnasiums before commencing his eastern tour.

Hilliard Schaefer was arrested last week and fined five dollars and costs for breaking the quarantine regulations. The authorities have had trouble in enforcing quarantine in some instances and it is thought that this action will prove effective.

The pupils of Miss Floy Philleo of Grand Rapids gave a song and Piano recital at the Dewing hall on Thursday afternoon and it was a very pleasing entertainment, and reflected great credit on Miss Philleo.

F. D. Laurence, who recently came here from Loyal and opened a real estate office, was taken to a private sanitarium last week to be treated for mental derangement.

—A. J. Snell wanted to attend a party, but was afraid to do so on account of pains in his stomach, which he feared would grow worse, he says, "I was telling my troubles to a lady friend, who said: 'Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will put you in condition for the party.' I bought a bottle and take pleasure in stating that two doses cured me and enabled me to have a good time to the party." Mr. Snell is a resident of Summer Hill, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by Johnson Hill & Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

## BRIEF STATE NEWS.

A human hand, preserved in alcohol and in good condition, was received by Congressman Webster E. Brown of Rhinelander, Wis., through the mail last week. The hand had been amputated just above the wrist and was sent by Adam Gosage of Wausau, who requested Mr. Brown to submit it to the commissioner of pensions to substantiate his claim for increase of pension. The claim of Mr. Gosage having been rejected he evidently decided to adopt heroic measures to get a favorable decision, and forwarded the hand for examination by the doctors of the bureau, believing such an examination would prove that the unmaimed condition was the result of wounds received in military service. The receipt of the ghastly package shocked Mr. Brown, and when the pension officials were advised of its arrival they refused to receive it on grounds that such evidence is not accepted, and for the further reason that medical examinations are conducted in the field. Mr. Brown has taken great interest in the claim of Mr. Gosage and has exhausted every possible means to secure justice from the pension bureau. He has presented a special bill in behalf of the claimant and will appear before the pension committee after the holidays to urge a favorable report.

The Wolf River Telephone company of Oshkosh, one of the largest independent telephone companies in the state, has been in the hands of a receiver during the past six months. The liabilities of the company are \$22,000 and the assets \$125,000. It is now proposed to reorganize the company under a new name. The Wolf river company tried for many years to down the Bell company in Oshkosh, but were unable to do so, and the consequence was that nearly all the business houses had two phones in their establishment.

William Youker was sentenced by Judge Silverthorn to serve three years in state prison for an assault upon his wife. One day last spring while intoxicated he beat his wife in such a manner that she was left a permanent cripple. The trial was on the charge of assault with intent to kill and murder, but the jury found him guilty of only one count. His sentence is the limit prescribed by law for such a crime.

Frank Lucke, the Green Bay stage driver charged with robbing the mail, was bound over for trial in the United States court with bail at \$1,000. Lucke turned up at his destination with the registered mail missing and claimed that the stage had been held up and robbed. The mail sacks were found under a bridge near where the robbery was claimed to have occurred.

Frank Wylie of Stevens Point shot himself last Wednesday afternoon. He had been about town drinking some but was not thought to be intoxicated, when he went to the back door of a saloon, and taking a revolver from his pocket he placed the muzzle of the weapon against the top of his head and fired the fatal shot. No cause can be assigned for the deed.

The Bank of Westby at Westby, Vernon county, was closed by State Bank Examiner M. C. Bergh on Thursday being found insolvent. Its last published report showed a capital stock of \$5,000 with \$7,000 surplus and total resources of \$171,959.19. It had about \$138,000 on deposits.

An effort is being made to divide Marinette County and make two counties out of it. The matter is meeting with great opposition in the city of Marinette, however, by people who claim it is simply a money scheme started by certain land companies.

Joseph Jonaneck of the town of Bern, Marathon county, was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for assaulting a five year old child, the daughter of Charles Schlait.

John Paulus, one of the pioneer lumbermen of Wisconsin, died in Neillsville last week from pneumonia and heart failure. He was sixty years of age.

## The Pride of Heroes.

Many soldiers in the last war wrote to say that for Scratches, Bruises Cuts, Wounds, Corns, Sore Feet and Stiff Joints, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best in the world. Same for Burns, Scalds, Boils, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It cures or no pay. Only 25c at John E. Daly's drug store.

## VESPER.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph White and family and Michael Kane attended the funeral of Mr. Johnson at Grand Rapids on Sunday.

Mrs. F. W. Merrell departed Sunday for Racine. From there she will go to Chicago where she will undergo an operation. She was accompanied by her husband.

Mrs. Chas. Trentel and Miss Emma Trentel spent Friday in Grand Rapids.

Mrs. John Hessler and daughter Ethel were shopping in the city on Tuesday.

Miss Nellie Victory, who is teaching the Vesper school, departed for her home near Red Granite to spend the holidays with her parents.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Mary Lidic to Walter Trentel Monday, Dec. 29.

John Flanagan sold his trotter known as Batter-milk Jack to a Mr. King at Grand Rapids.

Miss Lizzie McCamley is spending vacation with her parents at Grand Rapids.

Rev. Father Van Sever of Rudolph passed through Vesper on Monday on his way home from Pittsville.

Albert Fredericks, Jos. Lydelic and Ed Flanagan went to Grand Rapids on Saturday.

Miss Lena Otto visited with friends in Grand Rapids a few days.

A. H. L. Johnson of Marshfield was a caller in Vesper on Friday.

C. F. Heiser drove to Pittsville on Saturday.

John Randel went to Grand Rapids on Monday.

## Telephone Ring No. 398.

—Other rings too many to mention. If you want a ring as low as a good ring can be bought, step in or ring us up. A. P. HIRZY.

## BABCOCK.

Someone broke into, or rather went with a key into Henry Grier's saloon on Sunday evening, taking \$10 in cash, some cigars, and probably something to drink. Such things are getting altogether too common in the village.

Hackett's band of Baraboo furnished the music for the dance given in the new town hall on Saturday evening. Anyone that can't dance when that band plays, can't dance at all.

Some sneak thief entered T. Styles home and stole a quality of clothing, also what money they could find on Tuesday of last week.

The school entertainment last Friday evening was a success. It showed hard work on the part of the teachers and scholars both.

G. W. Lyons and wife were Grand Rapids visitors on Sunday in attendance at the funeral of Nels Johnson.

Otto Wiperman and Miss Alice Alters of Grand Rapids attended the dance on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Wm. Plunkett of New Lisbon is the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. W. Lyons this week.

Miss Eva Miller was confined at home several days last week with throat trouble.

Wm. Baker's people are the proud possessors of a baby boy since Wednesday last.

## A Good Cough Medicine.

(From the Gazette, Toowoomba, Australia.) I find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is an excellent medicine. I have been suffering from a severe cough for the last two months, and it has effected a cure. I have great pleasure in recommending it—W. C. Wockner. This is the opinion of one of the oldest and most respected residents, and has been voluntarily given in good faith that others may try the remedy and be benefited, as was Mr. Wockner. This remedy is sold by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

## KELLNER.

Word was received here Sunday of the sudden death of Minnie Joecks at Merrill but no particulars can be obtained. Miss Joecks is a daughter of G. Joecks of this place and her death is a sad blow to her many friends here.

Mr. Warner of Plover is serving notice of those who did not sign the petition for the drainage of the Buena Vista Marsh. A hearing will be had sometime in February for those who are opposed to it.

Don't forget the good time, the best time of the season, that grand dance in Kellner hall Dec. 25. Good music in attendance. Plenty of barn room for your teams.

The section crew went to Grand Rapids Saturday afternoon on a hand car to get their checks. This is one of the inconveniences of having no agent here.

A Christmas tree and appropriate exercises will be held Wednesday night in the Evangelical Lutheran church here.

John Boles has purchased one lot west of his present place of business and will erect a new building there in the spring.

Wm. Joswick and family left for Milwaukee Saturday, over the C. & N. W., where they will make their future home.

Halmet Timm leaves Wednesday for Milwaukee where he will spend the holidays with relatives and friends.

Mrs. J. M. Gage will spend the holidays at Packwaukee with relatives and friends.

A. H. Kieberg and Wm. Griffith of Nekoosa were business visitors here Friday.

Frank Lucke and wife spent Thursday afternoon in Grand Rapids.

C. E. Boles the hustling real estate man spent Wednesday here.

Mrs. Krusche is visiting at Stevens Point this week.

## A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent Bottle of Green's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25 cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded. J. E. Daly and Johnson & Hill Co.

## RUDOLPH.

Miss Hayes who is staying at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Duncan was called to Nekoosa on Monday by the serious illness of her brother.

Miss Provost teacher in Dist. No. 1, Sigel, treated her pupils to a "candy pull" and a sleigh ride last Friday.

A large number of our citizens attended the funeral of Nels Johnson at Grand Rapids on Sunday.

Quite a number from here are figuring on attending the New Year's ball at Junction City.

Miss Anna Blair who is employed at Nekoosa is spending the holidays at home.

Will Bratton is home for the holidays.

## An Honest Statement.

Mr. William Acton of 212 Fourth St. Lincoln, Ill., says: Our daughter aged sixteen, was suffering with a severe cough and cold on her lungs. Common remedies seemed to afford no relief and myself and her mother feared pneumonia or consumption. She began taking Harts' Honey and Horehound and in less than two weeks was entirely cured. We always recommend Harts' Honey and Horehound to any one suffering with a deep seated cough or cold. Sold by Sam Church, druggist.

## In Justice Court.

Fred Moser of Arpin was brought before Judge Getts this morning on a charge of arson. Moser is from Arpin and was charged with burning his blacksmith shop some time last summer. The case was dismissed.

Wm. Kruger was before Judge Crockett on Monday charged with creating a riot on the streets of Grand Rapids a week ago last Sunday. The case was dismissed.

# HEADQUARTERS FOR Christmas Presents

Toilet Sets, Glove and Handkerchief Sets, Manicure Sets, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Photograph Holders, Smoking Sets, Work Boxes, Photograph Frames, Jewel Boxes, Medallions, Shopping Bags, Music Rolls, Burnt Leather Goods, Pocket Books.

## Dolls

A nice line of dolls, dressed and undressed.

Copyright books at \$1.25

## Fancy China

A select line of Japanese and hand decorated china including plates, salad bowls, fruit dishes, vases, tea sets, etc. The finest American cut glass.

## Toys

We are also headquarters for all kinds of toys, games, doll buggies and go-carts, steel hand sleds, toy dishes, rocking horses, etc. Christmas books.

## Sam Church

### XMAS GREETING!

THE season of 1902 has been a most successful one for the Heineman Mercantile Co., and nobody realizes better than we do ourselves that this success has been due largely to the fact that our customers have placed confidence in our motives and extended to us a patronage that has been greatly in excess of our most sanguine expectations.

During the coming year we will undoubtedly continue to give our customers the same advantage that they have been enjoying in the past. Whenever we can save them a dollar or a penny by close buying we intend to do so, so that our store will continue to be one of the most popular trading places in the city of Grand Rapids.

In closing we want to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

### THE HEINEMAN MERC. CO.

P. S. Remember that during the coming year we will continue holding our Friday Bargain Sales that have become so popular during the past few months.